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THE
NEW ENGLAND
QVARTERLY

SEPTEMBER, 1941

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER"

(THOMAS WREN WARD, 1844–1940)

MARGARET SNYDER

ONE day in the early summer of 1863 Alexander Agassiz and Thomas Wren Ward got off the train at St. Joseph, the end of the only railroad to the Missouri River.[1] The two elegant young men were marked figures in the frontier crowd that milled about on the depot platform. Agassiz, nearing thirty, was tall and spare, and his ironic bearing spoke of old acquaintance with the West. Thomas Ward was much younger, and his small slight figure was quick with a boy's eagerness to take in a new world.

A Kentucky muleteer, lounging on the station steps, yelled "Boston swells!" and cracked a resounding rawhide whip. The crowd laughed and Tom Ward turned inquiringly to Agassiz, his right hand curled about his ear. Agassiz's forehead knotted in annoyance as he leaned over to speak to the other. "Come on. We'll see about horses and supplies." He pushed through the crowd and Tom Ward picked up his luggage and followed.

[1] Most of the material of this sketch is derived from intimate acquaintance and a correspondence of over a dozen years with Mr. Ward.

Agassiz made straight for the grinning muleteer. "You," he said, "I need horses and mules, and a man who can handle them. Are there any here?" His eyes were electric with challenge.

The frontiersman's jaws moved deliberately and shot a stream of tobacco juice between the two figures. Ward turned, startled, to see where the stream landed, but Agassiz did not move until the lounging Kentuckian straightened and made off toward the town in answer. Tom Ward did not hear what was said as he and Agassiz followed the lanky figure, but his bones warmed with pride in his friend's command of an incredible moment.

St. Joseph was an incredible place. It pulsed with such vitality as Tom Ward had never seen. The railroad company had dignified the town with rows of brick houses lining proper streets, but the rush westward had left most of them untenanted. The hotel, however, was crowded, and the town was fringed with shifting camps of traders and emigrants. Agassiz bought horses and mules from a piebald herd corralled near the river, and at the hotel the men ate buffalo steak and greasy cabbage at a long table that was not too clean. In the lobby afterwards, Tom Ward tried for a while to follow the talk around him but finally went out alone to walk on the banks of the Missouri.

The sky had been overcast since midday, and beneath the heavy threat of rain the wide emptiness across the river lay inert. Then, suddenly, the clouds were pushed apart by a flood of such red and golden brightness as he had never dreamed of. The prairies flamed green in the sunset and surged to the horizon in a breathing fertility that promised everything a man could desire. On the farthest lifted edge of the landscape, the startling light pricked out the silhouette of a horseman, and Ward was certain that he saw the bulk of a covered wagon. He was shot through with the commanding impulsion of the unknown; he trembled with joy for the future. The trail West began the other side of the river.

He followed that trail all summer. Day after day he was soaked with the deliberate rain of the prairie, and he rode through seas of mud. Near the Missouri the two men passed little settlements clustered along the watercourses, but as they pushed north and west through Nebraska and Dakota they often rode for days without seeing a soul. Occasionally they overtook an emigrant train and once camped beside a small stream where a man was digging his home literally out of the earth. He and his sons—five of them, from five to fifteen years old—had already planted their corn, in holes chopped through the stubborn mat of grass roots. To build their house, they had cut blocks of the primordial turf.

Tom Ward let Agassiz go hunting without him the next day, while he stayed to help lay up the walls of the soddie. At first he fumbled with the awkward stuff, making the boys laugh when he lost his balance and fell, burying his face in the earthy underside of the block he was lifting. But he got up and laughed with them and put the block where it was to go.

As the day went on, he felt himself accepted into the companionship of men working together at the oldest of human tasks—the building of a home. The settler's wife unpacked a tablecloth and the good dishes that had not been out of the wagon since the family's departure from Illinois. The daughter, only two or three years younger than Tom, teased her mother about being so fine, but the mother was unperturbed. "It's nice having company from Boston; my mother's folks came from there. And I guess building a house is worth some kind of a doings even if we can't have a regular raising."

Ward, answering the girl's friendly smile, was amazed to realize that he was understanding almost everything that was said around him.

The next day, Ward and Agassiz rode on: they were engaged to inspect a good many more miles of possible railroad lands for the Ward interests. But now Ward rode with gathering knowledge of his own purpose. This West, of which he

had heard and read all through his Concord schooldays, was no longer a mere dream of escape; it was a new world in which limitations could actually be pushed back and a man could create his own future.

As the long days in the saddle brought the exuberance of unwonted health, he forgot the smart of having been rejected by the negro regiment that Robert Gould Shaw had officered with Harvard men. He might be unable to fight the war for freedom, but he could put his sweat and his brain into the job of building freedom's true home. When he rode across a corner of Minnesota and saw Norwegian settlers, his imagination leaped to see how the manhood of all the world was finding its home in America's West.

His field notes were increasingly concerned with routes for wagon roads and sites for bridges. These things, he saw, were as needful as the railroads his father was financing. When he had finished his studies, he would come back to the West and build its roads and bridges. Here, he made up his mind, he would make his home.

In the long days and nights of the summer, the breadth and rhythm of the land soaked into his very bones. This earth was made for human greatness; here a man could stand up full height beneath a challenging sky. He put aside the doubts that beset his youth and knew that in the service of this land he should grow to his full man's stature.

II

Thomas Ward never saw the West again.

It is not hard to imagine the opposition that met his plan. From infancy he had been delicate: the scarlet fever, which left him deaf from childhood, had almost killed him, and all the elaboration of European cures thereafter did little to strengthen him. (He had worn his hair in long curls, as protection against "inflammation of the ears," until he went to college.) His first year at Harvard had been cut short by ill-

ness, and his father was scarcely to be blamed for mistrusting the seeming increase of health that came with the western summer. Such a son, and only son, could not be abandoned to the untender mercies of the frontier.

Moreover, people of the Wards' position had little taste for seeing a son submerge himself in the uncouth rush of the landless. Samuel Ward's long-established fortune supported well his prerogatives as a gentleman. He was a patron of the arts: Jennie Lind enjoyed his and his wife's protection and was married from their house in Louisburg Square. His European portfolios were rich with art treasures that he delighted to share with his good friend Emerson. Ward's encouragement was largely responsible for the beginnings of the Saturday Club, which was so great a solace to the Concord sage. And when the demands of his business as American agent for Baring Brothers of London took Samuel Ward to New York, what was more natural than to settle Tom as a member of the Emerson household while he prepared for Harvard at Sanborn School? It was an advantage to the boy and a graceful means of supplementing the philosopher's income, now that Mr. Emerson was no longer able or inclined to go lecturing. And it relieved the delicate and beautiful Anna Hazard Ward from too much concern for her son.

The family position on Tom's western mania was clear, but for the young man his return to Harvard was only a postponement of the issue; he was in no danger of forgetting. In the opportunity to help a needy classmate, he found an unexpected avenue of self-discipline. The classmate was being forced to drop his studies for want of funds; Thomas Ward persuaded him to accept half of his allowance. To manage on what was left, young Ward lived for a full year on crackers and apples and cheese.

So settled a purpose could not have escaped Samuel Ward's notice. It may have been with the idea of curing the western fever that he arranged for his son to join Louis Agassiz's Brazilian expedition in 1865. Let the boy get his fill of wander-

ing; he would be ready to settle down into his proper place when the time came.

William James was another of the Agassiz group. On the long South American adventure, he and Tom Ward cemented a friendship that was to stand firm through many years. James wrote from Brazil: "My fellow 'savans' are a very uninteresting crew. Except for Tom Ward I don't care if I ever see any of 'em again." [2] He added in another letter: "Agassiz is perfectly delighted with Tom Ward, his intelligence and energy, thinks him in fact much the best man of the expedition." [3]

The best man of the expedition was commissioned to collect "as many species of fish as he could, from the tributaries of any rivers he should cross, on a line from Rio de Janeiro to Para." For six months the young man forced his way through the jungles, collecting a wealth of specimens. As he neared the end of the journey there was pure triumph in his heart. This achievement, in the heart of a foreign and inimical continent, was the answer to every objection that could be set against his hazarding into the West.

Then came catastrophe. One day's journey from the ship that waited in Para harbor, Thomas Ward's canoes were caught in the rapids and every specimen was lost.

What pressure was upon him afterwards he never said; only the record speaks. On his return to New York, in February of 1866, he "engaged himself as clerk in the office of F. Consinery and Company of Wall Street." [4]

It was not a final surrender, for in September of that same year he entered the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge, to study mining engineering as Alexander Agassiz had done before him. William James, separated from his friend, wrote: "I really want to know how the building up into flesh and

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[2] *The Letters of William James*, edited by his son, Henry James (Boston, 1920), I, 59–60.

[3] *Letters of William James*, I, 65.

[4] From a statement prepared by T. W. Ward for the Harvard Class of 1865, quoted in a letter from Clifford K. Shipton, Custodian of Harvard University Archives, October 31, 1940.

blood of the wide and sweeping plans that the solitudes of Brazil gave birth to seems to alter them." [5]

How seriously they were altered appears in the fact that before the academic year was done, Thomas Ward was once more in Wall Street, this time as bookkeeper for his father's firm. Even then he clung to his purpose: he bought every book he could find on road and bridge construction and lived like a hermit while he studied them.

Somewhere the crisis of decision arose, and the dream of the West was finally relinquished. It is here, I believe, that the Monadnock story belongs, a story that has its beginnings back in his Concord years.

The Emersons and various of their friends camped every summer for a while at the foot of Monadnock. Mr. Ward loved to talk about those summer days, and his words wove a stainless radiance about the mountain. In "The Wanderer" Ellery Channing celebrated the fifteen-year-old boy as the Spirit of the Hills, whose lion locks floated in the blast as he leaped down the precipitous slide. "To him," Channing wrote, "such solitudes have been a fount of inspiration,

> When'er the problem rises...
> ...Then swift he braved the peaks,
> Folded his arms, and in the wayward blast,
> Tearing the thought to ribbons, he would stand,
> Composed as silence in the inward heart
> Of all that rocking tumult, inly blest." [6]

"Once I spent all of a New Year's Eve and night on top," Mr. Ward wrote when he sent these lines to the writer, "to make up my mind to a yes or a no. I must have been about 25."

Pondering that year's-end vigil, I am not surprised that one who knew Mr. Ward for many years could say, with the

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[5] *Letters of William James*, I, 76.

[6] William Ellery Channing, *The Wanderer* (Boston, 1871), 52.

intensity of a "comfortable" person whose comfort is threatened, "He is a dangerous man. Very dangerous!" For how could there help but be "dangerous" upthrusts from a will for life that could survive through forty years of a routine that was unremittingly detested?

He spoke often of the "golden shower" which came every morning as he walked to his office—thoughts and images, intuitions of all that he longed to know. But the routine of the office claimed his morning freshness, and at the day's end the manna was gone. As his deafness grew with the years, the crystal shell of silence drew closer and closer about him.

Within that shell his spirit did not die, though it suffered grievously. William James was concerned for his friend: "Whatever happens keep a stiff upper lip," he wrote in 1869, "and don't drop that courage in pursuit of the Best which you have always shown and by which you have so often sent me away with a new fire in my gizzard and determination in my breast." [7]

Somehow the courage remained, so that James found him a flowing source of inspiration. It was at Ward's instance that James undertook a program of mathematical study, asking his friend to tell him "what books I had better go through, and in what order." [8] Fifteen years later the New York banker was writing notes adumbrating some of the ideas that the philosopher later elaborated in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. It was probably through James's influence that Ward was granted his B.A. in 1897 "as of 1866." [9]

Yet Thomas Ward felt himself a failure. He was too little the exploiter to make a fortune for himself out of the frontier, and ironically enough, after his retirement he lost a large part of the money he had inherited. But that distressed him far less than his failure in intellectual and social creativeness.

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[7] Ralph Barton Perry, *The Thought and Character of William James* (Boston, 1935), I, 277.

[8] *The Thought and Character of William James*, I, 324.

[9] Shipton, letter of October 31, 1940.

One after another of his early friends "achieved": Morefield Storey was nationally known both as lawyer and as an exponent of liberal thought; William James laid the foundations of psychology; Edward Emerson preserved and published the records of New England's golden day. Mr. Ward, looking back over the years, could say only, "I did nothing."

He lived, through the three-quarters of a century after his journey West, as befitted a son of successful Boston, with offices in Wall Street and holidays in Europe. He married and had three children. The eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel George Cabot Ward, after serving as a distinguished Intelligence Officer during the first World War, lived in Nice. The daughter, Elizabeth Ward Perkins of Boston, has been the executive force in establishing, with Charles Woodberry, the dynamic method of art education centered in the Woodberry School of Observation. The second son, Howard, spent many years as a mining engineer in New Caledonia. The frontier did eventually exact its payment of the Ward blood, but the terms did not alleviate my friend's conviction of defeat.

III

I first saw Mr. Ward from the studio window of his daughter's house in Jamaica Plain, about fifteen years ago. He was walking up the driveway, a green bag stuffed with books from the Atheneum swung over his shoulder. Even at that distance the lift and vitality of the man were so clear that I was incredulous at hearing he was eighty-two. The old men I had known were bent and stiff at seventy; they sat long hours in the sun, moving only as much as the sun moved. This might have been a schoolboy, home with mischief in his heels.

As I sat across the table from him at lunch that day, the blue eyes above his close white beard spoke the most delightful intelligence of welcome to my strangeness. His daughter explained my presence: the new secretary . . . recently come from Minnesota. There was an unexpected gleam of approval

in the look he gave me, which was there whenever our eyes met during the meal.

Then one day when Mr. Ward and I were the only ones at lunch, he said to me, with the directness of a child, "Why did you come here from Minnesota? Have you lived there all your life?"

I answered the easier question first and he asked further about my home. It was not difficult to talk with him, I found, if I took care to direct my words precisely into the transmitter of his hearing aid. I had accustomed myself to the means of communication before he asked me again, "Why did you come to Boston?"

How could I tell him that to my western-bred mind Boston was the holy land of American letters? "I think it was because of Emerson," I compromised. Boston, Cambridge, Concord—seen from the prairies they were one community.

He gave me the gift of understanding with his answer: "I lived with Mr. Emerson and his family when I was a boy."

It was unbelievable. Here was a living person who had known, day after day, the figure that my mind had robed in Olympian light ever since I filched a book from the Amboy High School library to read "Self Reliance." "His family were not Emersonians," Mr. Ward went on, to fill up the abyss of my amazement. "I remember sitting on the window seat in the dining room, with a book, and seeing Mrs. Emerson walk through the room. She was tall and always dressed in black, and very severe in her manner." Still I was wordless. "It was not until much later that I read his works and became an Emersonian."

From that day we were friends. He told me, the next time we talked together, about his journey into the West. "I rode for two days across your Minnesota prairies," he said. "It was in July and we had a terrible thunder storm."

"That was better than a blizzard," I answered, and he said, "Ah, I have read of your blizzards. You had one in '88 that cost many lives. I remember stories of men being lost on their

way between house and barn and their bodies found miles away after the snow had melted." I nodded; my father's friends still told such stories. "It is not a country for weaklings."

There was something so mournful in his tone that I sought to divert him by recounting how I had once walked three miles on the heels of a blizzard to reach the school where I taught. "When I was almost there I sat down in a drift to catch my breath and the young farmer across the road came tearing out and dragged me into the house and dumped me beside his mother's cookstove while he harnessed his team to take me the rest of the way." I laughed at the remembrance. "I was already hot from wading through the drifts!"

Mr. Ward smiled at my story and murmured, "All our best men went West." The note of tragedy was in his voice as he added, "I had one time hoped to live in the West."

I left Boston that spring. Mr. Ward approved of my return to my own place, and the letters he wrote through the years were vibrant with his great gift of friendship. "How I leaped across time and space and came in touch with you as I recognized you in the little message you sent me," he wrote in his ninety-third year. "The inner companionship of the one appealing to the inner companionship of the other, as it should in all intercourse."

The ever-recurring theme of his letters was his quest for personal assurance of Reality. "I agree to the power that animates the whole world but do not understand my relation to it," he wrote once and recalled how an expression of doubt had shocked his freshman tutor. He had made himself a litany that he repeated daily:

> Be still and know that I am Spirit within thee;
> Be still and know that I am Communion within thee;
> Be still and know that I am Patience within thee;

and so on through a list of attributes, "the reverse of any cus-

tomary defect." It brought him, he said, "a certain intellectual satisfaction" but he lamented that his quest had been too purely "intellectual": in all the years it had achieved no sufficient embodiment in the outward acts of his life. The restless energy of his spirit ate in upon his will, so that he was unable to find belief.

For a few months, in 1935, he wrote that he had "ceased to search for contact with God"; he read current literature instead! Then he felt himself freshly inspired by recollecting how William James, "convalescing . . . under the elms at Pomfret, Connecticut and reading a book by Renouvier . . . sprang up from his hammock and exclaimed, 'Endowed as I am, and in spite of my shortcomings, I defy God (having endowed me thus) to do as well for me as I aim to do for him.' "

It was with this letter that he sent me a paper he had written half a century earlier for William James. Reading it, one understands the kinship that the abounding James felt in his classmate's spirit: "This wide world of ours is in perpetual flow, toss, and rhythm. These walls we see are Niagaras, torrents of energy, though little we realize it, so strong our habit and interest." He traces the flow of that energy through the channels of human life and goes on to identify it with "God walking in His Garden," conceiving the Lord as "masquerading under the garb of each and every man." The mounting conclusion is the insistence that recognition of "the Lord sitting on a throne way up in your inner blue" must lead to recognition of the same Lord in every other man; "the Lord in you, looking through your eyes, comes down from His throne . . . and behold . . . the Lord in the one is speaking to the Lord in the other. . . . Then personality appears—for personality may be thought of only as form until animated by purpose, by service."

Here is the note of a faith that should have removed mountains. But the paleolithic canyons of Wall Street were insensible to spiritual law, and faith was worn to impotence within their sterile confines.

This sense of sterility accentuated the lifelong loneliness that grew out of his deafness. He spoke of it again and again: from schooldays he could remember no companionship; in Wall Street he "grew more and more isolated and made no friends." A gift of western mayflowers which recalled his Concord days evoked poignant gratitude: "It had seemed so long since I came in touch with your flow of thought. I missed it so. The flowers and your letter made me feel companioned in thought once again. I feel so lonely without a contact with others."

The communion of the Church had long called to him. As a young man in Italy he had discussed the problems of faith with a sympathetic priest and never forgot how his outburst of skeptical despair had been answered. The priest laid an arm across his shoulders and said, "My son, if I cannot convince you I at least can love you."

Old prejudice played its part in his doubts. Emerson, in 1859, was deeply disturbed by the conversion of a valued friend; young Tom Ward must have heard discussion of the theme reflected in the Journal of that year: "Here is the happiest blood," Emerson wrote, "which . . . deals with the best-bred people of Europe with their own weapons. Ah, I should have been so glad if she could have said to them, 'Look, I do without your rococo. . . . I will not adorn myself with any red rag of false church or false association . . . nor can I suffer a . . . monk to whisper to me, to whom God has given such a person as [my husband] and such children for my confessors and absolvers.' " [10]

Prejudice had not prevented Mr. Ward's marriage with Sophie Howard, daughter of famous Catholic families of Maryland. His wife and children were Catholic, yet less than a year before his death he wrote, on reading an exposition of Catholic doctrine, "It almost convinces me, except for old prejudice." At the very end both prejudice and skepticism

[10] Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, editors, *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1913), IX, 242–243.

melted, and he finally found the answer to his spiritual longings in the Church.

There is tragedy in his story, the tragedy of a mind which perceived and resisted the power of that materialistic philosophy which James called the common enemy. Tom Ward, James declared in one of his Dresden letters, knew the extent of the enemy better than most men.[11] The doctrine of deterministic force, which Henry Adams embraced as the rationalization of his own brilliant "failure," Ward could neither accept nor escape.

Van Wyck Brooks says that while the Adamses expressed the mood of New England at the end of its Indian summer, James expressed the national mood of the period, a mood of humane and imaginative realism. It needs no fantasy to guess that in the alchemy of genius William James drew to himself much of the essential meaning in Thomas Ward's experience of the West. As Mr. Brooks says, James affirmed "a passionate faith in human nature and its power to mold, control, and create the world." [12] There is more than pathos in the knowledge that one who helped the philosopher to that affirmation felt himself forever defeated by his failure to realize the life he had envisioned on the other side of the river.

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11 Ralph Barton Perry, "The Common Enemy," in *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLVI, 299 (September, 1935).

12 Van Wyck Brooks, *New England: Indian Summer* (New York, 1940), 478.

A MINING BOOM IN MAINE

VIRGINIA CHASE PERKINS

STRANGERS walking through the countryside in Maine, particularly near the coastline, have sometimes come upon abandoned mines without recognizing what they were. Dozens of these still pit the fields and pastures, some only deep enough for a man to stand in, some real shafts hedged by blackberry bushes and brambles. Their story is one that a great many Maine people have wanted to forget.

Although the existence of valuable minerals in Maine had been known since the seventeenth century,[1] and although iron and lead mining had been carried on in small areas during the early part of the nineteenth,[2] it was the prospectors returning from the gold fields of California who first insisted that Maine had real mineral wealth.[3] A geological survey begun in 1861 bore out their claim, but almost at once the War interrupted it and turned men's minds to other things.[4]

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1 See R. E. Moody, "A Proposed Province of Georgia in New England," *New England Quarterly*, XIV, 1 (March, 1941), 117–118.

2 The Katahdin Iron Works were opened in 1846 and produced from 2,000 to 15,000 tons a year until they closed in 1890. Lead was discovered near Lubec in the late 1830's and mined for a time in the early 1860's. See William H. Emmons, *Some Ore Deposits in Maine and The Milan Mine, New Hampshire*, United States Geological Survey, Bulletin 432 (1910).

3 The *Maine Mining Journal*, edited by E. M. and W. F. Blanding (Bangor), January 23, 1880. This was a journal of high integrity. While its editors were enthusiastic over the mineral prospects in Maine, they published the opinions of those who were not, and vigorously attacked speculation.

4 The first survey was completed in 1837 by Charles T. Jackson, a Boston geologist, who reported the presence of no valuable minerals. It may be that he found none, for the survey took only three years. Or it may be, as maintained by F. L. Bartlett, State Assayer and promoter of the later development, that he was prevented from revealing what he found (F. L. Bartlett, *Mines of Maine* (Portland, 1880), page 6). According to Bartlett, the Governor and Council silenced Jackson for fear that such revelations as he might make would hinder agricultural development. Bartlett says that Jackson told secretly of his findings, however, and predicted that in the future Maine would take a prominent place as a producer of precious metals (page 7).

When peace came, some of those who returned began to prospect, spading their farms and drilling their ledges. Gradually stories spread concerning discoveries of lead, zinc, quartz, copper—even of silver and gold. Specimens were exhibited and investment was solicited.

The general local response, however, was hostile or at best apathetic. Some, with typical Yankee conservatism, resented the disturbing of the soil. Others considered the venture only "a scheme to fleece the gullible." The newspapers ignored or ridiculed it. Those who had money to invest continued to put it into potatoes, or codfish, or spruce gum.

Nevertheless, by 1879 specimens had found their way to Boston and finally to New York, where their richness attracted the attention of capitalists. In November of that year, a Nevada miner named William Stewart, popularly known as "Professor" Stewart, came to lecture before the Bullion Club there and was persuaded to visit Maine. He, more than anyone else, was responsible for the boom that followed. One of the forty-niners, he had later moved to Nevada, where he was an editor and for one term a senator in the state legislature. Although he had little formal education, he had studied geology and was attributed with the discovery of the wealth of the famous Comstock Mine. To inexperienced miners this gave him an unquestioned authority. Moreover, he was endorsed by two well-known local scientists, F. L. Bartlett, State Assayer, and Professor C. W. Hitchcock of Dartmouth College, who had conducted the survey of 1861.

Maine people liked Stewart. They admired his energy, and being by nature people of few words, they were dazzled by his eloquence. Within a few days of his arrival, he had visited the mines at Acton, Hampden, Sullivan, Franklin, and Hancock. His report upon those in the East read, in part:

> By the merest accident I floated into the mining regions of Eastern Maine, and after a fatiguing exploration of several of the most important mining districts in the counties of Penobscot and

Hancock, I am prepared to assert that this is, of a verity, a promising silver-bearing region. For obvious reasons, I do not intend to mention special properties which I have explored professionally, but I can assure you that I have recently examined mines which for fertility of silver will compare favorably with first-class mining properties in Colorado and Nevada.[5]

Early in December, 1879, he visited Blue Hill, where copper mines had been working modestly almost since their discovery in 1876 by William Darling, a native of the town. More recently, assays had established the presence of silver and gold. Here his enthusiasm mounted. "There is possibly no spot on this planet where mining can be more expeditiously carried forward," he declared.[6] It was not only the high quality of the ores that impressed him, but the good harbor of the town and its abundant supply of timber.

As he continued his tour, he became convinced that Maine mines had decided advantages over those in the West.

> Here [he wrote] laborers obtain from $1.25 to $1.50 per diem; there, the price of handwork per diem of eight hours is from $3.50 to $4. Here, wood can be delivered at the mine for $2 per cord, and good coal from $4.50 to $5 per ton; there, wood is worth from $9 to $16 per cord, and inferior coal from $16 to $23 per ton. Here, machinery can be readily obtained by either rail or water transportation at merely nominal rates; there, the only method of obtaining machinery and supplies of any kind is by means of overland railways at starvation prices. Here, the mines are located mainly in the very heart of a productive agricultural and manufacturing country; there, the hidden treasure exists only in desolate deserts and amid savage mountain fastness. In view of these wonderful natural and artificial advantages, it seems to me that the innumerable ore-deposits of Maine ought to take front-rank position as bullion producers.[7]

[5] *Maine Mining Journal*, January 2, 1880.

[6] *Maine Mining Journal*, January 16, 1880.

[7] *Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York), edited by Richard Rothwell and Rossiter Raymond, June 5, 1880. Stewart had said all of these things earlier, but in a less concise and quotable form.

The out-of-state newspapers picked up Stewart's story and endorsed it with only superficial investigation. The Boston *Herald* assured its readers that not fifty of them had anything like an accurate idea of the bright prospects of eastern Maine. The New York *Tribune* declared that if such mineral veins had been discovered in some remote district of Colorado, a settlement of five or six thousand people would already have sprung up. In reply to a question concerning the mining outlook in New England, the Boston *Advertiser* answered

> that New England is entering upon an era of mining industry; that this industry is beginning to attract universal attention; that it is destined to go on and increase until the tide of emigration is turned this way; that capital is already seeking it as a safe and profitable investment; that it will give employment to the masses; that it will infuse new life in every industry; that it will give fortunes to some and competency to thousands.[8]

Money came pouring in. Even those who were still incredulous were willing to make a profit. Farms in mineral regions sold for as high as $10,000. In Jonesboro, ten thousand acres of land were bonded to a single man. In the dead of winter, with the thermometer at zero, men prospected their pastures. The *Maine Mining Journal,* of Bangor, itself a product of the wave of mining interest, reported on April 23, 1880, that at Surry the inhabitants "scanned with eagle eye every ledge and crevice." At Isle au Haut, every man and boy "had his pockets full of rocks." At South Waldoboro, "wonderful discoveries were reported daily." At Round Pond, even the women prospected. All over the lower part of the State, property owners blasted their ledges, and sometimes without waiting for an assay, formed companies and issued stock.[9]

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[8] These newspaper comments were quoted in the *Maine Mining Journal,* January 2, 1880.

[9] The *Maine Mining Journal,* April 30, 1880, reprinted this from a San Francisco paper: "Down in Maine when a Deacon finds strange looking float rock on his farm, he notifies his county newspaper that there is a silver mine

Almost at once the *Maine Mining Journal* warned against speculation. But this warning was ineffectual. New companies were organized daily. By the middle of February, fifty had been incorporated, with a total capital stock of $25,000,000. (Maine mining laws limited the capital of any one company to $500,000.) Thirty-one were operating privately. The city of Bangor had a stock exchange, where "stocks were bought and sold after the fashion of larger cities." [10] By March, Lewiston had three such exchanges.

There were still skeptics. Professor Young of Bowdoin College was one of them. He declared that nine out of ten of the mining companies were "unmitigated, irresponsible swindles." [11] Others began to question the uniform favorableness of Stewart's published reports. To them the *Maine Mining Journal* answered: "Professor Stewart has made many unfavorable reports since his sojourn in Maine, but as they are solely the property of the parties who employed him, it is not at all surprising that the public have never heard of them." [12] Soon after, it published tributes to Stewart from newspapers in San Francisco, Reno, San Jose, Virginia City, New York, and Boston, together with a letter from the governor of Nevada, which read: "I know of no citizen of this state or coast more thoroughly qualified by study, experience, and observation to entertain and instruct those who take an interest in the development of our mineral wealth than yourself." [13]

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on his land, and the editor takes a piece of the rock to the village tavern and hunts up an old bum who has been in California and submits it to him for examination. The bum pronounces the rock to be silver ore, and in his next issue the editor says that Deacon Podghopkins has found silver on his land; and some of the stone supposed to contain the metal was shown to several old California miners who pronounced it to be the same character of stuff from which silver was extracted in the mines of California and that the Deacon will sell a few acres of his land cheap for cash."

10 *Maine Mining Journal*, January 9, 1880.

11 *Maine Mining Journal*, March 12, 1880.

12 *Maine Mining Journal*, March 26, 1880.

13 *Maine Mining Journal*, April 30, 1880.

The people in general needed no reassurance. To them Stewart had become something of a god. Town after town petitioned him for lectures, and wherever he went he was "rapturously received." Geology became the topic of the day,[14] although, as the correspondent to the *Engineering and Mining Journal* cryptically observed, "nine out of ten in the neighborhood had never read a page" of it.[15]

Mines continued to open. Less than eight weeks after Stewart's first report, 600 men were employed at Blue Hill, 550 at Acton, and 1000 in the Sullivan district. Although a few of them had been working as miners since 1877, they were primarily seamen and farmers. In March, dissatisfied with the progress in his mine, the "City of Boston," Mr. William Darling, discoverer of copper at Blue Hill, sent to the Comstock for a superintendent who had been recommended by Stewart. One came, and others followed in quick succession. If Maine people were impressed by the experience of these men, their own associates were not. The *Lyon County Times* of Silver City, Nevada, made this significant comment: "George D. Holt, formerly Superintendent of the Episcopal Sunday School in this city is now Superintendent of a mine in Maine. 'Tis something to have been a Comstocker!"[16]

Once arrived, these superintendents began at once to erect large and elegant buildings on the order of those at the Comstock. The "Twin Lead," at Blue Hill, had an appearance that was "very unique and tasty." On its shaft-house was a four-gable hip roof with a cupola "surmounted by a weathervane consisting of a handsome game-cock." It had a "tasty stable, similar in design."[17] The "Milton," at Sullivan, was far more ornate. In the cupola of its hoisting works was a large lantern, eighty feet above the sea and visible at a con-

[14] A favorite subject for local debate was "Are Geology and Genesis in Harmony?"

[15] *Engineering and Mining Journal*, March 20, 1880.

[16] Quoted in the *Maine Mining Journal*, July 9, 1880. Superintendent Holt went to the Lawrence Silver Mine in Hampden.

[17] *Maine Mining Journal*, April 23, 1880.

siderable distance. The building over Shaft No. 2 contained bathrooms, "fitted out in fine style." [18]

Long before the buildings themselves were completed, the superintendents had ordered expensive and unnecessary machinery. They prepared for "costly stamp mills," "capacious furnaces," and "enormous steam engines." [19] Simeon Smith, a New York mining engineer, wrote in a letter to the *Maine Mining Journal*:

> No one in the company can tell anything about the vein. It has not been developed, and too often inquiry of the mining operators elicits the reply that some professor has reported on it and declared it to be the finest showing in Maine. Upon such trivial and uncertain grounds great mining shafts are being excavated and thousands of dollars expended.[20]

Older mines that had operated economically began to expand. The "Douglass," at Blue Hill, richest copper mine in the State, had spent only $11,825.78 in 1878, the year following its organization. Of this, the small sum of $5,450.58 had gone for buildings, powder, and general supplies.[21] But now, with the new fever, a large concentrating mill was begun before any one took the trouble to discover that most Douglass ore needed no concentrating before going to the smelter. The "Blue Hill Copper," oldest mine in the locality, ordered diamond drills and machinery capable of hoisting eight hundred feet, although its shafts had reached only a fraction of that depth. Moreover, it started one of the largest concentrating plants on the continent, a three-story building which eventually covered 3000 square feet of ground.[22]

Meanwhile, the mining towns had become crowded. From all over New England came men—blacksmiths, carpenters,

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18 *Engineering and Mining Journal*, September 4, 1880.

19 *Maine Mining Journal*, May 13, 1881. From a letter written by Stewart.

20 *Maine Mining Journal*, July 2, 1880.

21 First Annual Report of The Douglass Copper Mining Company, by Superintendent Gregory.

22 *Maine Mining Journal*, January 16, 1880.

mechanics, handymen, and tramps. Then, as the news spread, they came from the West, and gradually, from Sweden, Cornwall, and Wales. In March, the *Maine Mining Journal* estimated that during the summer 5,000 would have to be fed and provided for in the districts between Ellsworth and Machias.

Sharpers were everywhere, selling their stock. People bought blindly, thinking only of a quick turn-over. Alarmed by the speculation, the *Maine Mining Journal* issued repeated warnings against "companies that organize, sell stock, and endeavor to find a mine afterward." Stewart urged owners to keep cool and work their mines legitimately. The legislature defeated every bill that would allow mining privileges. But still the boom went on. By April, 1880, there were 123 incorporated companies and 48 privately operating. Thirty-nine companies were in Blue Hill alone.[23]

This quiet sea-coast village took on a new life. New stores went up, new houses, new stables. A boarding house added another story to its stature and called itself the "Copper and Gold Exchange Hotel." William Darling, an erratic and not too responsible citizen, now became known as "Colonel" Darling. He bought one of the largest houses in the village and remodeled it. Within a few months, he was a director in the "Stover Hill Copper Company," the "Corinna Silver," the "Young Hecla," the "Norumbega Silver," the "Favorite," the "Darling Silver," the "Jersey," the "Storm King," the "Lawrence Silver," the "Gould Silver," the "Trio," and the "City of Boston," as well as the owner of extensive mining property in Milan, New Hampshire. In March he opened a

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[23] Others were located at Acton, Hancock, Camden, Sullivan, Surry, Ellsworth, Bucksport, Castine, Cherryfield, Franklin, Winterport, Hampden, Corinna, Deer Isle, Lubec, Sedgwick, St. Albans, Prospect, Gouldsboro, Carmel, Vinal Haven, Katahdin, Lebanon, Lamoine, Woodstock, Dexter, Winterport, Portland, Palmyra, Augusta, Levant, Bradley, Bangor, South Thomaston, Milton Plantation, Penobscot, Petit Manan, Pittston, Swan's Island, Lowell, Guilford, Orrington, Newport, and Hermon. The copper at Brooksville had not yet been discovered.

"spacious and handsomely fitted" mining exchange in the old Brick Block, near the landing.[24] When he wasn't to be found there, he might be seen driving his handsome span. There was an enormous diamond on the forefinger of the hand that held the reins. He could sell out any day for a million dollars, he boasted.

Most of the Blue Hill mines were located together, about two miles west of the village. Besides the buildings of the mines themselves, there were great boarding houses and dozens of little shacks, not much bigger than outhouses. Here "the foreigners" lived with their families. It was a rough place on a Saturday night. People came from long distances to see the mines. They came by boat, sometimes as many as fifty in a party, or by buckboards from Ellsworth, connecting with the Bangor stage. The villagers, too, drove out in the evening or on Sunday afternoons. The livery stables were always busy.

In the early spring, "Colonel" Darling announced that he would erect two large blocks in the village, one to contain the offices of a national bank. He would, moreover, build "an elegant and spacious hotel with a capacity of seventy-five rooms," similar to the Waukeag House in Sullivan. But only the foundation of the bank materialized. This now supports the village blacksmith shop.

With April came the beginning of a country-wide depression. Stocks fell, mining stocks below all others. Newspapers generally blamed the New York Mining Stock Exchange. Of it the *Butte City Inter-Mountain* declared: "It has fostered the most outrageous wild-cat stock jobbing operation that the minds of scheming and moneyless adventurers could conceive."[25] To make matters worse, the officers of the "Little Pittsburg,"[26] having obtained private information that the

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[24] The *Maine Mining Journal* devoted to it the only full-page advertisement in the journal.

[25] June 30, 1880.

[26] Supposedly one of the richest mines in the country; located in Lake County, Colorado.

mines were nearly exhausted, sold their holdings at the best figures obtainable.

All over Maine, mines "suspended operations." People rushed to sell their stocks and found them practically worthless. "Colonel" Darling closed his mining exchange at Blue Hill and withdrew from public life "because of the severity of his rheumatism."

Money was lost, a good deal of it, but it paid for a lesson that was worth learning. The Boston *Herald* expressed it thus:

> People of Maine have this spring made a most valuable discovery. They have found that a hole in the ground is not a mine; that a man who can dig a well or blast a ledge . . . is not a miner; that assays are deceptive and skilled miners from California pan out no better than assays. [They have found] that mining is a business and not fun, business that requires capital, experience, and time before results are reached. . . . Now let Maine miners take courage and go ahead.[27]

But going ahead wasn't easy. People were no longer willing to invest, and even reputable companies had over-expanded. According to Maine law, mining stocks were unassessable. Nevertheless, forty mines in the State kept working. Those that opened later along the Bagaduce were to profit by what had happened.[28]

This depression had little effect on local prosperity. Two-thirds of the mining capital had come from out of the State, and the mining towns were busier than ever. At Sullivan, the Waukeag House was crowded. At Blue Hill, a new west wing was added to the "Copper and Gold Exchange," and the Brick Block, where "Colonel" Darling had run his mining exchange, was opened for boarders. There was talk of a railroad between

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[27] Quoted in the *Maine Mining Journal*, May 28, 1880.

[28] They allowed no stock to be issued to subscribers until $10,000 in cash was in the treasury. Like those at Cape Rozier, they never advertised. Except for the "Sunburst" at East Surry, financed by English capital, they probably operated more economically than any other mines in the State.

Blue Hill and Bucksport, another between Blue Hill and Brooksville.[29]

When, in the fall, mining conditions did not improve with general business, Stewart, in a letter to the *Virginia Chronicle*, attributed its lethargic state to several causes:

> First, from lack of cash in the various mining treasuries; second, from ignorant and stupid management of the proprietors; third, from lack of adequate law to regulate mining interests; and lastly, on account of the all-engrossing presidential contest.[30]

A few went further and censured Stewart himself. "Let us hear more about the ore you have got, less about Superintendents Smith and Jones and Professors Tomfoolism and Bamboozelum," the editor of a popular New York journal urged.[31] Later an anonymous correspondent wrote to the *Engineering and Mining Journal* after an inspection of Maine mines: "I found some very good prospects in Maine, but any amount of exaggeration and theory. Can you tell me anything about Professor Stewart who is leading them all by the nose?" [32]

The presidential contest passed, and conditions grew no better. By January, 1881, the number of working mines in the State had shrunk to thirty-five, only thirteen of which were producing ore in paying quantities.[33] Mining stocks continued to drop. Recklessly, or perhaps in a desperate effort to save something, three Blue Hill mines put in equipment for smelting.

Then in February the price of copper rose. Things looked considerably brighter. "Colonel" Darling recovered. He had his house and his ring, but he was now connected with but one active mine, the "Favorite."

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29 The receipts of the Maine Central Railroad from January to July, 1880, were $70,000 in excess of those of the corresponding period in 1879.

30 *Maine Mining Journal*, November 5, 1880.

31 Quoted in the *Maine Mining Journal*, July 9, 1880.

32 November 6, 1880.

33 It cost about thirteen cents a pound to market copper. The return was seldom over fifteen.

Mining companies went through a general reorganization. Some of the Comstockers had left at the first sign of depression. Others had been dismissed. One of them, Wilkie Darling,[34] had moved from mine to mine, at the same time buying up property with an eye for future speculation. In March, Captain Daniel Dunn,[35] an expert Cornish miner from the Lake Superior region, came to Blue Hill as superintendent of the "Stewart."[36] He had inspected the mines of the town the preceding September, at the request of a firm of brokers, and being satisfied that they were valuable, had returned, following a brief employment in New Hampshire. If he had come a year earlier, he might have changed the course of their history, for he was practical, honest, and experienced with ore similar to that of the region. But the bad management of the past had made people wary. Capital came in too slowly. With the price of copper rising, a great many rich mines were forced to stay idle. Their directors grew impatient. There was a demand for assessment.

The Sullivan and Waukeag Mining Company first found the loop-hole. A clause in the law provided that the holder of mining stocks should be responsible, to the extent of his proportionate share, for all debts incurred by the company. Immediately it reorganized in such a way as to take advantage of its discovery.[37] Other mines followed suit, and for a little while it looked as though the situation had been saved.

But once the legitimate mines were working again, they still had their difficulties. Few of the men understood smelting. They did not properly roast or break the ore, nor did they mix it with limestone in correct proportions. The furnaces were constructed in such a way that cold spots occurred,

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34 No relation to William Darling.

35 Father of Charles J. Dunn, late Chief Justice of the State of Maine Supreme Judicial Court.

36 Formerly the "Atlantic." It was named for Stewart following its reorganization.

37 Stewart was opposed to this method of assessment.

congealing the mixture and stopping the process.[38] When this happened, it was often necessary to dismantle and rebuild the entire furnace before smelting could be resumed. Moreover, the ore in Maine was harder than that in the West, and the machinery on the market not quite strong enough for it.[39]

Many of the mines were constantly plagued by water, particularly those at Sullivan, which were close to the shore. Pumping was unsatisfactory. The "Hercules," at Brooksville, had been forced to build a dam, and the "Mermaid," on an island in the Bagaduce, could be worked only when the tide was out, a period of about two hours. Even those that were inland found seepage a problem, for the Maine workmen objected to Sunday work, and after a day of idleness the shafts would be partially filled.

As if idle Sundays were not enough, the miners demanded other things. "The state of Maine," wrote a Sullivan correspondent to the *Maine Mining Journal*, "is the only place we ever heard of where the mining industry was compelled to come almost to a stand-still during the haying season; but it is so."[40] Although men were willing enough to be underground during the winter months, when warm weather came they preferred to work on their farms or in the quarries along the shore. Thus employment was unstable.

Moreover, transportation was not so convenient as Stewart had predicted. The winter of 1880–1881 was a long one. Roads were blocked with snow. Vessels bringing supplies were frequently frozen in the ice. In February, two of them were fast, just out of reach, in Blue Hill Bay. In the spring and fall, heavy seas delayed the shipment of ore. Most of this went only to the Portland Smelting and Reduction Works, where F. L. Bartlett was now superintendent, but some was

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[38] According to Bartlett (*Maine Mining Journal*, August 26, 1881) the furnaces were constructed with too few tuyeres, or air inlet holes, and the air supplied by fans was of too low pressure.

[39] *Engineering and Mining Journal*, October 23, 1880.

[40] *Maine Mining Journal*, July 1, 1881.

sent to Boston, Baltimore, and New York. Occasionally a load went across the ocean. In November, 1881, the first lot from the Deer Isle mine started for England by way of St. John, where it was transferred as ballast to the ship *Jamestown*. When she was nearly across, fierce gales drove her back for many days, and she returned to St. John for repairs and a fresh start. On her second attempt, she became waterlogged and was abandoned at sea.

But the mining towns continued to prosper. Day after day the steamer *Buttercup* brought parties into Sullivan. The Brick Block at Blue Hill had become the Pendleton House, a fine hotel "supplied with bath rooms, hot and cold water etc. and in fact everything necessary for the comfort and accommodation of transient guests and boarders." An ice-house insured it a "plentiful supply of material for Tanner cocktails," for which it was famous. Both the Pendleton House and the "Copper and Gold Exchange" were enlarging their livery stables.

The streets of Blue Hill were thick with dust, the air heavy with smoke from the smelters. A new steamboat wharf went up just inside of the Narrows. Vessels had to wait their turn at landing. Speculation had begun all over again. "Colonel" Darling sold his "City of Boston" property and was promoting a new mine, the "Eclipse."

Yet it was not long before companies were announcing a second assessment, even a third.[41] The pages of the *Maine Mining Journal* printed long columns of delinquent stock. In November, the "Revere" and all of its equipment was sold at auction. Wilkie Darling, formerly its superintendent, bought it for $840.[42]

For nearly a year Stewart had been ill of a chronic fever which he had contracted as a soldier in the Nicaraguan cam-

41 These assessments varied in amount from twenty-five cents to $3 a share.

42 In October he moved to the Brooksville district as superintendent of the "Manhattan." Soon after, he purchased the Castine House and fitted it up elaborately.

paigns. Being a widower, he had no home, but moved about from one New England hotel to another. When he was able, he worked as a geologist. As such, he had never wavered in his insistence that Maine mines possessed great mineral wealth. Their failure he attributed wholly to their management.[43] A few might scoff, but the people believed him. Whenever he traveled, testimonial dinners were given in his honor.

At the end of 1881, the *Maine Mining Journal* reviewed the year in these words:

> To say that the progress of eastern mining during the year now closing has given entire satisfaction to the friends of the industry would be untrue; to assert that it is now, generally speaking, in a healthy and vigorous condition would also be overstating the facts; but it can be truthfully said, that, having survived more than one extremely critical period, it not only still exists but is firmly established upon a foundation which cannot be shaken, and is growing and will continue to grow with each succeeding day, in spite of all obstacles.... It is only when we consider what might have been accomplished had no mistakes been made that the growth of the industry seems slow and unsatisfactory.[44]

But the foundation was already shaking. The "Douglass" stock had long been the most stable on the local market. During the depression of 1880 it had held up well, and, even with an assessment, few shares had been delinquent. With the announcement of a second assessment, however, public confidence was shaken. In a single week it dropped from a dollar to fifty-four cents. In March, 6,740 delinquent shares were sold at prices from twenty-five to forty cents. Other stocks followed. In April, the only active mines in the State were among those located at Blue Hill, Sullivan, Gouldsboro, Hancock, Castine, Brooksville, and Deer Isle. Advertisements of auctions and sheriff sales began to appear in the shrinking

[43] *Maine Mining Journal*, May 13, 1881.
[44] *Maine Mining Journal*, December 30, 1881.

issues of the *Maine Mining Journal*. In May, a number of the Sullivan mines stopped working, and the one at Deer Isle declared itself $2,000 in debt, with only forty-nine cents in its treasury.

Blue Hill, with six mines operating, was still thriving. Indeed, it seems to have been amazingly complacent in the face of the critical conditions which lay ahead. A correspondent to the Lewiston *Journal* describes it by comparison thus:

> During my residence here of more than seven years time, the place seemed to be at a dead stand-still.... Now, new buildings are seen on every hand, and old ones have been altered and repaired. Three large hotels scarcely afford accommodations for the summer visitors for business or pleasure. An extensive wharf has been built, accessible at all times of the tide, at which steamboats and vessels arrive and depart almost daily; truck teams abound of which there was not one in town at that time, and handsome single and double teams belonging to gentlemen and ladies are often in the streets. A market was then a thing unknown, while there are two good ones in which four or five men are necessary to do the business. The stores have increased in numbers and in business three or four fold; jewelers' shops and tailors' and milliners', stove dealers and apothecaries and barbers, of which there were none now line the streets, and men who could then financially scarcely keep their heads above water, are now men of wealth, and driving their spans of fine horses.... The moral and social aspect of the place has also changed; not, however, for the better.[45]

On June 5, Stewart died at the Crawford House in Boston, at the age of fifty-four. If his competence had been questioned, his earnestness and sincerity had never been. Now both Western and Eastern papers paid him high tributes. Perhaps the most apt among them was that of the Boston *Herald*, which referred to him as "one honest man in a crowd of speculators."[46]

[45] Quoted in the *Maine Mining Journal*, May 26, 1882.
[46] June 6, 1882.

Fortunately he was spared the events that followed. Within a few days of his death, mining stocks all over the country fell sharply and steadily. The *Maine Mining Journal* gave this explanation: "Mining exchanges are now reaping the reward of their numerous deals, bear raids, wash sales, repudiation of contracts by members etc. etc. and unless relief soon comes from some unexpected quarter, it would seem that they cannot much longer exist." [47]

In spite of its temporary disrepute, the "Douglass" had been getting back on its feet. Up to the end of June it had received $12,000 from the sale of ingot copper[48] and was hinting at a dividend. Now, like almost every other working mine, it was forced to make a further assessment. More and more of its stock became delinquent. Just as before, other mines weakened with it or became idle altogether.

The *Maine Mining Journal* had almost nothing now to fill its pages. In September 1882, it appeared in a new form as the *Mining and Industrial Journal.* Its first issue commented briefly on the "Katahdin Iron Works," the "Douglass," and the mines at Cape Rozier. An item in the Personal Column stated that "Colonel" Darling had gone to Nova Scotia, having purchased a mineral tract there two miles long by half a mile wide. The remainder of its space went to pulp and woolen mills, shoe factories, and canneries. In October, it announced that F. L. Bartlett had gone to New Hampshire "to superintend mining operations there."

The mining towns began to face reality. Shipping slackened. Transients dwindled. Stores closed. In October, the Pendleton House changed hands. In February the Waukeag House, together with its furnishings, was sold at auction.

In the spring of 1883, hopes ran high again. The weather was good. The ice broke early. In April, the "Douglass" made a rich strike and sent to New Jersey for miners. In May and

[47] June 16, 1882.

[48] Smelted on its grounds. The furnaces had been working only a year and not continuously.

June, there were "extensive and satisfactory operations" at Blue Hill, Sullivan, Brooksville, and Cape Rozier.[49] Then, in July, the price of copper fell more than six cents below its average for the past ten years. Most of the mines closed immediately. The "Douglass," however, in the light of its excellent prospects, levied another assessment. In August, it shipped eleven tons of refined copper to Boston, and then, without having raised adequate capital, became comparatively idle.

On December 1, 1883, when Captain Daniel Dunn took over its management, all odds were against him. The winter was severe. The town was filled with unpaid employees, but somehow he kept the mine going. In May, it was the only operating mine in the State. In June, it shipped eighteen tons of refined copper and then dropped out of the mining news entirely.[50]

Slowly the towns returned to normal. There was no more smoke to darken them, and few spans disturbed the dust of the village streets. People went back to their old way of living, a little shamefaced. Most of them wanted to forget the past. But not "Colonel" Darling. As the story goes, he brooded upon his losses. Not long afterward, he jumped up in town meeting, raving crazy. He was put in the asylum at Augusta, where he died about five years later. His relatives sold his ring for his destitute widow.

The quarries absorbed most of the native labor. "Foreigners" drifted away or settled as farmers near where the mines had been. Great mills and shaft houses were torn down for their lumber. Most of the camps were moved into the villages. (At Blue Hill, a gathering of them still stands on what is known as the Devil's Half Acre.) The shafts filled with

[49] *Maine Mining Journal*, May 25, 1883.

[50] There is no record of the exact time of its closing. Probably it was sometime in July, 1884. From its beginning it had produced between two and three million pounds of copper, which yielded a total of about $300,000. Its expenditures have been reported at $1,400,000. See Emmons, *Some Ore Deposits in Maine and The Milan Mine, New Hampshire.*

water. Alders and birches grew up so fast that in a few years places that had once promised fortunes became pastures again.

In August, 1888, the United Copper Company of New York bought the Douglass mine at auction for $75,000, but never operated it.[51] In May, 1917, the American Smelting and Refining Company took it over. Because of the war, copper was in great demand. The government was paying twenty-six cents a pound for it.

Blue Hill awoke guardedly. But this time there was no waste, no experimentation. The company brought its own engineers and its own electrically-operated machinery. The shafts were pumped out and plain, sturdy buildings erected. One of them contained a laboratory where trained chemists made continuous assays. The mine ran on three shifts. Finely powdered ore from the ball mills was concentrated in a flotation plant and speeded by trucks to the village. From there it was shipped by schooner to Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

In the town there was no excitement, no prospecting, no hint of a boom. Merchants profited, but they made no display. About two hundred local men were employed as miners. Transients came, but they drove their own cars, and neither the Pendleton House nor the "Copper and Gold Exchange" reopened. On a Sunday, villagers were likely to walk out to see how quickly the place had changed, and once in a while someone remarked that it was good to have no smoke to dull the sunlight. But that was all.

With the Armistice, the need and, consequently, the price of copper decreased. Unable to operate any longer at a profit, the mine closed again. Machinery was moved away and buildings were demolished. Once more the alders and the birches began their march.[52]

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51 *Financial and Mining Record*, New York, August 4, 1888.

52 Every few years some geologist or mining engineer explores the "Douglass" and promises the villagers that it will open again. See the Ellsworth *American*, July 23, 1941 (page 8), regarding possible reopening of the mines at Cape Rozier.

As a state, Maine did not lose by its mining venture. Up to March, 1882, a total of $975,000 had been invested, $600,000 of this coming from outside. According to the same estimate,[53] $850,000 more had been spent generally. Of this, the inhabitants had paid out only $375,000. Thus, exclusive of the 1917 reopening, the State had profited considerably. But Yankees don't like the remembrance of having been fooled, and the chances are that today the Maine farmer who has a hole in his pasture puts his money into blueberries and Christmas trees.

[53] *Maine Mining Journal*, March 24, 1882.

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER, SOCIAL DARWINIST

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

IN the years that followed the Civil War, one of the major problems facing American intellectuals was the assimilation of the new science into their patterns of thought. Especially important was the rise of evolutionism in biology. The tide of Darwinism, sweeping upon our shores in the three decades after the publication of *The Origin of Species* in 1859, washed away many familiar landmarks of the intellectual scene, and necessitated a long and painful rebuilding. One of the curious features of the reception of Darwinism, however, was the fact that it was as acceptable to many thinkers in economics and sociology as it was repugnant to theologians. It was popularized at a time when the authority of classical economics was waning, and when social legislation was being rapidly extended. Alarmed conservatives welcomed Darwinism as a fresh substantiation of an old creed. To some of them the Darwinian struggle for existence seemed to provide a new sanction for economic competition, and the survival of the fittest a new argument in opposition to state aid for the weak.[1]

The most vigorous and influential apostle of American social Darwinism was William Graham Sumner. Sumner was born in Paterson, New Jersey, on October 30, 1840. His father, Thomas Sumner, was a hard-working, self-educated English laborer who came to America because his family's trade had been disrupted by the growth of the factory system. He brought up his children with respect for the traditional Protestant economic virtues, and left a deep impress upon his son William, who came in time to acclaim the savings bank

[1] See the discussion at the first meeting of the American Sociological Society, reported in "Social Darwinism," *American Journal of Sociology*, XII (March, 1907), 695–716.

depositor as "a hero of civilization."[2] "His principles and habits of life," Sumner later wrote, "were the best possible. His knowledge was wide and his judgment excellent. He belonged to the class of men of whom Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* is the type. In early life I accepted, from books and other people, some views and opinions which differed from his. At the present time, in regard to these matters, I hold with him and not with the others."[3]

The economic doctrines of the classical tradition which were current in his early years strengthened Sumner's paternal heritage. He learned to think of pecuniary success as the inevitable product of diligence and thrift, and to see the lively capitalist society that was growing up around him as the fulfillment of the classical ideal of an automatically benevolent, free, competitive order. At fourteen he had read Harriet Martineau's popular little volumes, *Illustrations of Political Economy*, whose purpose was to propagandize for *laissez faire* through a series of parables. There he became acquainted with the wages fund doctrine, and its corollaries: "Nothing can permanently affect the rate of wages which does not affect the proportion of population to capital"; and "combinations of laborers against capitalists . . . cannot secure a permanent rise of wages unless the supply of labour falls short of the demand —in which case, strikes are usually unnecessary." There also he found fictional proof that "a self-balancing power being . . . inherent in the entire system of commercial exchange, all apprehensions about the results of its unimpeded operation are absurd," and that "a sin is committed when Capital is diverted from its normal course to be employed in producing at home that which is expensive and inferior, instead of preparing that which will purchase the same article cheaper and superior abroad." Charities, whether public or private, Miss Martineau had shown, would never reduce the

[2] *Essays of William Graham Sumner*, edited by A. G. Keller and Maurice R. Davie (New Haven, 1934), II, 22.

[3] *Earth Hunger and Other Essays* (New Haven, 1913), 3.

number of the indigent, but would only encourage improvidence and nourish "peculation, tyranny, and fraud." [4] Later Sumner declared that his conceptions of "capital, labor, money and trade were all formed by those books which I read in my boyhood." [5] Wayland's standard text in Political Economy, which he recited in college, seems to have impressed him but little, perhaps because it only confirmed well-fixed beliefs.

In 1859, when he matriculated at Yale, young Sumner devoted himself to theology. During his undergraduate years, Yale was a pillar of orthodoxy, dominated by its versatile president, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, who had just turned from classical scholarship to write his *Introduction to the Study of International Law,* and by the Reverend Noah Porter, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, who as Woolsey's successor would some day cross swords with Sumner over the new science in education. Sumner, a somewhat frigid youth who could seriously question, "Is the reading of fiction justifiable?", repelled many of his schoolmates, but his friends made up in munificence what they lacked in numbers. William C. Whitney persuaded his elder brother, Henry, to supply funds for Sumner's further education abroad; and Sumner liberalized his theology at Geneva, Göttingen, and Oxford while a substitute procured with Whitney's money filled his place in the Union Army.[6] In 1866 Sumner was elected to a tutorship at Yale, where he opened a lifelong association, broken only by a few years spent as editor of a religious newspaper and rector of the Episcopal Church in Morristown, New Jersey. In 1872 he was elevated to the post of Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College.

Despite personal coldness, and a crisp, dogmatic classroom manner, Sumner had a wider following than any other teacher

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[4] *Illustrations of Political Economy* (London, 1834), III, Part 1, 134–135, and Part 2, 130–131; VI, Part 1, 140, and Part 2, 143–144.

[5] *The Challenge of Facts and Other Essays* (New Haven, 1914), 5.

[6] Harris E. Starr, *William Graham Sumner* (New York, 1925), 47–48.

in Yale's history.[7] Upper classmen found unique satisfaction in his courses; lower classmen looked forward to promotion chiefly as a means of becoming eligible for them.[8] William Lyon Phelps, who took all Sumner's courses as a matter of principle, without regard for his interest in the subject matter, has left a memorable picture of Sumner's dealings with a student dissenter:[9]

"Professor, don't you believe in any government aid to industries?"

"No! it's root, hog, or die."

"Yes, but hasn't the hog got a right to root?"

"There are no rights. The world owes nobody a living."

"You believe then, Professor, in only one system, the contract-competitive system?"

"That's the only sound economic system. All others are fallacies."

"Well, suppose some professor of political economy came along and took your job away from you. Wouldn't you be sore?"

"Any other professor is welcome to try. If he gets my job, it is my fault. My business is to teach the subject so well that no one can take the job away from me."

II

The religious stamp of his early upbringing marked all Sumner's writings. Although clerical phraseology soon disappeared from his pages, his temper remained that of a proselyter, an espouser of causes with little patience for distinguishing between error and iniquity in his opponents. "The type of mind which he exhibited," writes his biographer, "was the Hebraic rather than the Greek. He was intuitive,

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[7] *Cf.* Albert Galloway Keller's discussion of Sumner's influence in "The Discoverer of the Forgotten Man," *American Mercury*, XXVII (November, 1932), 257–270.

[8] William Lyon Phelps, "When Yale Was Given to Sumnerology," *The Literary Digest International Book Review*, III (September, 1925), 661–663.

[9] "When Yale Was Given to Sumnerology," 661.

rugged, emphatic, fervently and relentlessly ethical, denunciatory, prophetic." [10] He might insist that political economy was a descriptive science divorced from ethics,[11] but his strictures on protectionists and socialists resounded with moral overtones. His faith in the superiority of the industrious, prudent, economical citizen, his background in Ricardian economics, and his distrust of the shibboleths of an uncritical democracy[12] prepared Sumner for the acceptance of social Darwinism; his crusading zeal and talent for popularization made him an ideal standard-bearer.

Sumner's life was not entirely given to crusading. His intellectual activity passed through two overlapping phases, distinguished less by a change in his thought than a change in the direction of his work. During the seventies, eighties, and early nineties, in the columns of popular journals and from the lecture platform, he waged a holy war against the rising tide of reformism, protectionism, socialism, and government interventionism. In this period he published *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other* (1883), "The Forgotten Man" (1883), and "The Absurd Attempt to Make the World Over" (1894). By the early nineties, however, Sumner showed an increasing interest in academic sociology. It was during this period that the manuscript of "Earth Hunger" was written and the monumental *Science of Society* projected. When Sumner, always a prodigious worker, found himself with a 200,000-word chapter on human customs, he decided to publish it as a separate volume. Thus, almost as an afterthought, *Folkways* was published in 1906.[13] Although Sumner's tone

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[10] Starr, *William Graham Sumner*, 336–337.

[11] *Cf. What Social Classes Owe to Each Other* (New York, 1883), 155–156.

[12] For Sumner's early skepticism about the merits of democracy, see the college composition quoted in Starr, 44.

[13] *Cf.* the preface to *The Science of Society*, I, xxxiii. Sumner died before the completion of this work, and it was finished by Albert Galloway Keller and published in four volumes in 1927 by the Yale University Press. The fidelity of the work to Sumner's major conceptions is such that I have not hesitated to use it as a source.

changed from the deep ethical feelings of his youth to the sophisticated moral relativism of his social science period, his underlying philosophy always remained the same.

The major premises of this philosophy Sumner derived from Herbert Spencer. For years, since his graduate residence at Oxford, Sumner had had "vague notions floating in my head" about the possibility of creating a systematic science of society. In 1870, when Spencer's *Study of Sociology* was running serially in the *Contemporary Review*, Sumner seized upon his ideas, and the evolutionary viewpoint in social science took root in his mind. It seemed that Spencer's proposals were but a flowering of his own germinal ideas. The young man who had been impervious to Spencer's *Social Statics*, because "I did not believe in natural rights or in his 'fundamental principles,'" now found *The Study of Sociology* irresistible. "It solved the old difficulty about the relations of social science to history, rescued social science from the dominion of cranks, and offered a definite and magnificent field to work, from which we might hope at last to derive definite results for the solution of social problems." In a few years Professor O. C. Marsh's researches in the evolution of the horse fully convinced Sumner of the development hypothesis. Plunging into Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, and Spencer, he saturated himself with evolutionism.[14]

Like Darwin before him, Sumner went back to Malthus for the first principles of his system. In many respects his sociology simply retraced the several steps in biological and social reasoning which ran from Malthus to Darwin and through Herbert Spencer to the modern social Darwinist. The foundation of human society, said Sumner, is the man-land ratio. Ultimately men draw their living from the soil, and the kind of existence they achieve, their mode of getting it, and their mutual relations in the process, are all determined by the

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[14] See the autobiographical sketch in *The Challenge of Facts*, 9.

proportion of population to the available soil.[15] Where men are few and soil is abundant, the struggle for existence is less savage and democratic institutions are likely to prevail. When population presses upon the land supply, earth hunger arises, races of men move across the face of the world, militarism and imperialism flourish, conflict rages, and in government aristocracy dominates.

As men struggle to adjust themselves to the land, they enter into rivalry for leadership in the conquest of nature. In Sumner's popular essays, he stressed the idea that the hardships of life are incidents of the struggle against nature, that "we cannot blame our fellow-men for our share of these. My neighbor and I are both struggling to free ourselves from these ills. The fact that my neighbor has succeeded in this struggle better than I constitutes no grievance for me." [16] He continued:[17]

> Undoubtedly the man who possesses capital has a great advantage over the man who has no capital at all in the struggle for existence. . . . This does not mean that one man has an advantage *against* the other, but that, when they are rivals in the effort to get the means of subsistence from Nature, the one who has capital has immeasurable advantages over the other. If it were not so capital would not be formed. Capital is only formed by self-denial, and if the possession of it did not secure advantages and superiorities of a high order men would never submit to what is necessary to get it.

Thus the struggle is like a whippet race; if one hound ap-

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15 *Science of Society*, Chapter 1; *cf.* also the essay "Earth Hunger." The main elements of this idea are in the wages fund doctrine and can be traced to Sumner's early acquaintance with Harriet Martineau.

16 *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 17; *cf.* also 70. "Nature is entirely neutral; she submits to him who most energetically and resolutely assails her. She grants her rewards to the fittest . . . without regard to other considerations of any kind. If, then, there be liberty, men get from her just in proportion to their works, and their having and enjoying are just in proportion to their being and their doing." *The Challenge of Facts*, 25.

17 *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 76.

proaches the mechanical hare of pecuniary success, he sets up no barrier to a similar movement by the others.

Sumner was perhaps inspired to minimize the human conflicts in the struggle for existence by a desire to dull the resentment of the poor for the rich. He did not at all times, however, shrink from a direct analogy between animal struggle and human competition.[18] While Sumner was forming his sociological system, Walter Bagehot in England and Gustav Ratzenhofer and Ludwig Gumplowicz on the Continent were at work applying the concept of the struggle for existence to human affairs, predicating the survival of certain kinds of human societies or the selection of individual types upon the presence of special survival values.[19] In America

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[18] At times Sumner distinguished the struggle for existence, which he looked upon as man's impersonal struggle against nature, from what he called "the competition of life," a strictly social form of conflict, in which groups of men united in the conquest-of-nature struggle among themselves. *Cf. Folkways*, 16–17, and *Essays*, I, 142 ff. But the competition of life was elsewhere described as "the rivalry, antagonism, and mutual displacement in which the *individual* is involved with other organisms by his efforts to carry on the struggle for existence for himself." *Folkways*, 16–17 [my emphasis, R.H.]. Thus the distinction was often obscured, so that Sumner's closest student, editing *The Science of Society*, could pardonably identify "the familiar struggle for existence" with "the competition of life" (I, 4). The terms of the analogy between human existence and the struggle of animals seemed to require that men be regarded as struggling against each other, as members of the same species. While Sumner was trying to utilize the analogy, he resisted this conclusion.

[19] Bagehot, *Physics and Politics, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of Natural Selection and Inheritance to Political Society*, 1874; Ludwig Gumplowicz, *Grundriss der Soziologie*, 1885, translated in 1899 by Frederick W. Moore as *The Outlines of Sociology;* and Gustav Ratzenhofer, *Soziologie*, 1907.

Keller, estimating the major influences on Sumner's sociology, has placed Spencer first, Julius Lippert second, and Ratzenhofer third. ("William Graham Sumner," *American Journal of Sociology*, XV (May, 1910), 832–835.) Lippert was a German cultural historian whose method was much like that employed in *Folkways*. See his *Kulturgeschichte der Menschenheit*, 1886, translated in 1931 by George Murdock as *The Evolution of Culture*.

While the influence of Spencer is primary, the differences between Sumner and Spencer should not be neglected. Sumner does not seem to have followed Spencer's identification of evolution with progress. He was not so severe in his conceptions of the proper limits of government (*Cf.* Starr, 392–393). Less libertarian, he understood the limitations imposed by industrial society upon

the ideas of Spencer were occasionally being used to oppose legislation to ease the condition of the poor, on the grounds that it would limit the selective effect of competition.[20] In this intellectual atmosphere it was natural for conservatives to see the economic contest in a competitive society as a reflection of the struggle in the animal world. It was easy to argue from natural selection of fitter organisms to social selection of fitter men, from organic forms with superior adaptability to citizens with a greater store of economic virtues. The competitive order was now supplied with a cosmic rationale.

Competition was glorious. Just as survival was the result of strength, success was the reward of virtue. Sumner could find no patience for those who would lavish compensations upon the virtueless. Many economists, he declared in 1879, in a lecture on the effect of hard times on economic thinking,[21]

> seem to be terrified that distress and misery still remain on earth and promise to remain as long as the vices of human nature remain. Many of them are frightened at liberty, especially under the form of competition, which they elevate into a bugbear. They think it bears harshly on the weak. They do not perceive that here "the strong" and "the weak" are terms which admit of no definition unless they are made equivalent to the industrious and the idle, the frugal and the extravagant. They do not perceive, furthermore, that if we do not like the survival of the fittest,

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individual freedom (see *Essays*, I, 310 ff.). Finally, his approach to ethics contrasted sharply with Spencer's intuitionism.

For his part, Spencer cordially approved Sumner's way of defending *laissez faire* and property rights. He tried to persuade the Liberty and Property Defense League in England to reprint *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other* (Starr, 503–505).

20 It was this tendency which led to Mr. Justice Holmes's reminder as late as 1905, in the dissenting opinion in Lochner *vs.* New York (198 U.S. 45), that "The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics."

21 *Essays*, II, 56. Charles Page, *Class and American Sociology* (New York, 1940), 74 and 103, has stressed the importance of the economic ethics of the Protestant tradition as a formative element in Sumner's thinking. See also the treatment of these ideas in *Essays*, II, 223, and *The Challenge of Facts*, 52 and 67.

we have only one possible alternative, and that is the survival of the unfittest. The former is the law of civilization; the latter is the law of anti-civilization. We have our choice between the two, or we can go on, as in the past, vacillating between the two, but a third plan—the socialist desideratum—a plan for nourishing the unfittest and yet advancing in civilization, no man will ever find.

The progress of civilization depends upon the selection process; and that in turn depends upon the workings of unrestricted competition. Competition is a law of nature which "can no more be done away with than gravitation," [22] and which men can ignore only to their sorrow.

III

The fundamentals of Sumner's philosophy had been set forth in his magazine articles before his sociological works were written. The first fact in life is the struggle for existence. The greatest forward step in this struggle is the production of capital, which increases the fruitfulness of labor and provides the necessary means of an advance in civilization. Primitive man, who long ago withdrew from the competitive struggle and ceased to accumulate capital goods, must pay with a backward and unenlightened way of life.[23] Social advance depends primarily upon hereditary wealth. For wealth offers a premium to effort, and assures the enterprising and industrious man that he may preserve in his children the virtues which have enabled him to enrich the community. Any assault upon hereditary wealth must begin with an attack upon the family and end by reducing men to "swine." [24] The operation of social selection depends upon keeping the family intact. Physical inheritance is a crucial part of Darwinian theory; society substitutes for it the instruction of the children in the necessary economic virtues.[25]

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22 *The Challenge of Facts*, 68.
23 *The Challenge of Facts*, 40 and 145–150; *Essays*, 1, 231.
24 *The Challenge of Facts*, 43–44.
25 *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 73.

If the fittest are to be allowed to survive, if the benefits of efficient management are to be available to society, the captains of industry must be paid for their unique organizing talent.[26] Their huge fortunes are the legitimate wages of superintendence; in the struggle for existence, money is the token of success. It measures the amount of efficient management that has come into the world and the waste that has been eliminated.[27] Millionaires, then, are the bloom of a competitive civilization:[28]

> The millionaires are a product of natural selection, acting on the whole body of men to pick out those who can meet the requirement of certain work to be done.... It is because they are thus selected that wealth—both their own and that entrusted to them—aggregates under their hands.... They may fairly be regarded as the naturally selected agents of society for certain work. They get high wages and live in luxury, but the bargain is a good one for society. There is the intensest competition for their place and occupation. This assures us that all who are competent for this function will be employed in it, so that the cost of it will be reduced to the lowest terms....

In the Darwinian pattern of evolution, animals are unequal; this makes possible the appearance of forms with finer adjustment to the environment, and the transmission of such superiority to succeeding generations brings about progress. Without inequality the law of survival of the fittest could not operate. Accordingly, in Sumner's evolutionary sociology inequality was at a premium.[29] The competitive process "develops all powers that exist according to their measure and degree." If liberty prevails, so that all may exert them-

[26] *Essays*, 1, 289.

[27] *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 54–56.

[28] *The Challenge of Facts*, 90.

[29] *The Science of Society*, 1, 615; *cf.* also 328, where Sumner opposes a communal economy on the ground that it makes variation impossible—"and variation is the starting-point of new adjustment." Sumner considered the masses to be immobile and unproductive of social improvement. Variation is chiefly characteristic of the upper classes. *Folkways*, 45–47.

selves freely in the struggle, the results will certainly not be everywhere alike: those of "courage, enterprise, good training, intelligence, perseverance" will come out at the top.[30]

Sumner concluded that these principles of social evolution negated the traditional American ideology of equality and natural rights. In the evolutionary perspective equality was ridiculous, and no one knew so well as those who went to school to nature that there are no natural rights in the jungle. "There can be no rights against Nature except to get out of her whatever we can, which is only the fact of the struggle for existence stated over again." [31] In the cold light of evolutionary realism, the eighteenth-century idea that men were equal in a state of nature was wrong side up; masses of men starting under conditions of equality can never be anything but hopeless savages.[32] Rights to Sumner were simply evolving folkways crystallized in laws. Far from being absolute or antecedent to a specific culture—an illusion of philosophers, reformers, agitators, and anarchists—they are properly understood as "rules of the game of social competition which are current now and here." [33] In other times and places other *mores* have prevailed, and still others will emerge in the future:[34]

> Each set of views colors the *mores* of a period. The eighteenth-century notions about equality, natural rights, classes, and the like produced nineteenth-century states and legislation, all strongly humanitarian in faith and temper; at the present time the eighteenth-century notions are disappearing, and the *mores* of the twentieth century will not be tinged by humanitarianism as those of the last hundred years have been.

Sumner's power to resist the catchwords of the American

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30 *The Challenge of Facts*, 67.
31 *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 135.
32 *Folkways*, 48.
33 *Essays*, 1, 358–362.
34 *Essays*, 1, 86–87.

tradition is also evident in his skepticism about democracy. The democratic ideal, which was so alive in the minds of men diverse as Eugene Debs and Andrew Carnegie, as a thing of great hopes and tears, warm sentiments, and vast friendly illusions, was to him a transient stage in social evolution, determined by a favorable quotient in the man-land ratio and the political necessities of the capitalist class.[35] "Democracy itself, the pet superstition of the age, is only a phase of the all-compelling movement. If you have abundance of land and few men to share it, the men will all be equal." [36] Conceived as a principle of advancement based on merit, democracy met his approval as "socially progressive and profitable." Conceived as equality in acquisition and enjoyment, he thought it unintelligible in theory, and thoroughly impractical.[37] "Industry may be republican; it can never be democratic so long as men differ in productive power and in industrial virtue." [38]

In a brilliant essay which he never published, but which was written some time before the studies of J. Allen Smith and Charles A. Beard, Sumner divined the intentions of the founding fathers in the making of the American Constitution. They feared democracy, Sumner pointed out, and attempted to fix limitations upon it in the federal structure. But since the whole genius of the country has inevitably been democratic, because of its inherited dogmas and its environment, the history of the United States has been one of continual warfare between the democratic temper of the people and their constitutional framework.[39]

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35 *Earth Hunger*, 283–317.

36 *Essays*, I, 185.

37 *Essays*, I, 104.

38 *Essays*, II, 165.

39 See "Advancing Organization in America," in *Essays*, II, 340 ff., especially 349–350. In his references to the effects of the frontier upon the unique historical development of the United States, Sumner seems to have anticipated also the theories of Frederick Jackson Turner. Sumner's views on democracy have been discussed in Ralph H. Gabriel, *The Course of American Democratic Thought* (New York, 1940), Chapter 19; and in Harry Elmer Barnes, "Two

IV

One idea in the evolutionary philosophy which Sumner borrowed from Spencer and employed with great effect in his fight against reformers was its social determinism. Society, the product of centuries of gradual evolution, cannot be quickly refashioned by legislation:[40]

> The great stream of time and earthly things will sweep on just the same in spite of us. . . . Every one of us is a child of his age and cannot get out of it. He is in the stream and is swept along with it. All his science and philosophy come to him out of it. Therefore the tide will not be changed by us. It will swallow up both us and our experiments. . . . That is why it is the greatest folly of which a man can be capable to sit down with a slate and pencil to plan out a new social world.

To Sumner and Spencer society was a super-organism, changing at geological tempo. Because of the bewildering complexity of the body politic and its naturally slow rate of growth, Spencer had argued, attempts at legislative reform seldom have the desired effect; the causal sequences at work in society are too elaborate to be traced. A scientific sociology, accepting the multiple relations of social life, would discourage state interventionists.[41] Hence Sumner's eager welcome of *The Study of Sociology*. In his view, the social tinkers had been laboring under the delusion that since there are no natural laws of the social order, they might make the world over with artificial ones.[42] But Spencer's new science would dissolve these fantasies.

With the evolutionist's characteristic scorn for all forms of meliorism and voluntarism, Sumner dismissed Upton Sinclair

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Representative Contributions of Sociology to Political Theory: The Doctrines of William Graham Sumner and Lester Frank Ward." *American Journal of Sociology*, XXV (July and September, 1919), 1–23 and 150–170.

40 "The Absurd Attempt to Make the World Over," in *Essays*, I, 105.

41 *The Study of Sociology* (1883 edition, New York), 1–24 and 270.

42 *Essays*, II, 215.

and his fellow socialists as puny meddlers, social quacks, who would break into the age-old process of societal growth at an arbitrary point and remake it in accordance with their petty desires. They started from the premise that "everybody ought to be happy" and assumed that therefore it should be possible to make them so. They never asked: In what direction is society moving? or What are the mechanisms which motivate its progress? Evolution would teach them that it is impossible to tear down overnight a social system with roots centuries deep in the soil of history. History would teach them that revolutions never succeed—witness the experience of France, where the Napoleonic period left essential interests much as they had been before 1789.[43]

Every system has its inevitable evils. "Poverty belongs to the struggle for existence, and we are all born into that struggle." [44] If poverty is ever to be abolished, it will be by a more energetic prosecution of the struggle, and not by social upheaval or paper plans for a new order. Human progress is at bottom moral progress, and moral progress is largely the accumulation of economic virtues. "Let every man be sober, industrious, prudent, and wise, and bring up his children to be so likewise, and poverty will be abolished in a few generations." [45]

Thus the evolutionary philosophy provided a powerful argument against legislative meddling with natural events. Sumner's conception of the proper limits of state action, although not so drastic as Spencer's, was radical in the extreme. "At bottom there are two chief things with which government has to deal. They are the property of men and the honor of women. These it has to defend against crime." [46]

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[43] See "Reply to a Socialist," in *The Challenge of Facts*, 58 and 219; on the ineffectiveness of reform legislation, see *War and Other Essays* (New Haven, 1911), 208–310; *Earth Hunger*, 283 ff.; and *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 160–161.

[44] *The Challenge of Facts*, 57.

[45] *Essays*, I, 109.

[46] *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 101.

Outside of the field of education, where Sumner's influence was always progressive, there were few reforms proposed in America during his active years which he did not attack. In a series of essays written for the *Independent* in 1887 Sumner assailed several current projects as tools of rampant pressure groups. The Bland Silver Bill he called an irrational compromise, set up by a few public men, without substantial promise of aid for debtors, silver miners, or any other part of the population. State laws on convict labor he damned as hasty and pointless legislation in response to partisan clamor. The Interstate Commerce Act lacked philosophy or design. The railroad question "is far wider than the scope of any proposed legislation; the railroads are interwoven with so many complex interests that legislators cannot meddle with them without doing harm to all concerned." [47] The free silver movement he attacked with the arguments of orthodox economics.[48] "All poor laws and all eleemosynary institutions and expenditures" he stigmatized as devices which protect persons at the expense of capital and ultimately lower the general standard of living by making it easier for the poor to live, increasing the number of consumers of capital while lowering incentives to its production.[49] With trade unions he was more indulgent, conceding that a strike, if carried on without violence, might be a means of testing the market conditions for labor. All the justification a strike required was success; failure was ample grounds for its condemnation. Trade unions might also be useful in maintaining the *esprit de corps* of the working class, and of keeping them informed. The conditions of labor—sanitation, ventilation, the hours of women and children—might better be controlled by the spontaneous activity of organized labor than by state enforcement.[50]

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47 *Essays*, II, 249–253 and 255.

48 *Essays*, II, 67–76.

49 *The Challenge of Facts*, 27–28.

50 *The Challenge of Facts*, 99; *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 90–95.

Aside from anti-imperialism, the one great reform of his age which attracted Sumner was free trade. But free trade was not, in his mind, a reform movement; it was an intellectual axiom. Although he wrote a short tract elaborating the classical arguments against protection—*Protectionism, The Ism that Teaches that Waste Makes Wealth* (New York, 1885)—he felt the subject hardly open to dispute by enlightened men—"that it ought to be treated as other quackeries are treated." [51] Sensing that protectionism and other forms of government intervention in economic life might culminate in socialism, he identified the doctrines on principle, defining socialism as "any device whose aim is to save individuals from any of the difficulties or hardships of the struggle for existence and the competition of life by the intervention of 'the state.'" [52] The tariff, he admitted, never ceased to arouse his highest moral indignation. He once wrote angry protests to the newspapers because women employed in sweatshops stitching corsets for fifty cents a day had to pay a tariff on their thread.[53]

V

In arms against abuses of the right or left, Sumner drew bitter cross-fire from both sides. Upton Sinclair, in *The Goose Step*, called him, long after his death, "a prime minister in the empire of plutocratic education";[54] and another socialist accused him of intellectual prostitution.[55] Such critics showed little comprehension of Sumner's character or the governing motives of his mind. He was at times doctrinaire only because his ideas were bred in his bones. He was not a business hireling, nor did he feel himself to be the spokesman of plutocracy, but rather of the lower middle classes. If he attacked

51 *Essays*, II, 366.
52 *Essays*, II, 435.
53 Starr, 285–288; *cf. What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, 146.
54 Page 123.
55 Starr, 258 and 297.

economic democracy, he had no sympathy for plutocracy as he understood it; he thought it responsible for political corruption and protectionist lobbies.[56] Significantly, he had praise for Jeffersonian democracy, at least in so far as it practised abnegation of state power and decentralization in government.[57] Sumner's unforgettable "Forgotten Man," the hero of most of his popular essays, was simply the lower middle-class citizen, who, like Sumner's father, went quietly about his business, providing for himself and his family without making demands upon the state.[58] The crushing effect of taxation upon such people gave him his most anxious moments and explains in part his opposition to state interventionism.[59] It was his misfortune that this class had moved on to the support of reform while he was still trying to fight its cause with the intellectual weapons of Harriet Martineau and David Ricardo.

On the rare occasions when Sumner's thought ran counter to the established verities, he would stand his ground even though the heavens fall. His famous fight with President Porter over the use of *The Study of Sociology* as a textbook might have cost him his position at Yale. Constantly under criticism from the press for his outspoken stand on the tariff, he never faltered. The New York *Tribune,* in the course of a denunciation of his articles on protection, once likened his manners to those of "the cheap Tombs shyster." [60] The Republican press and the Republican alumni periodically urged his dismissal, and the demand became general when he announced his opposition to the Spanish-American War.[61] Although one old-fashioned benefactor of Yale doubled his donation because Sumner's presence had convinced him "that

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56 See the essays on democracy and plutocracy in *Essays,* II, 213 ff.

57 *Essays,* II, 236–237.

58 "The Forgotten Man," in *Essays,* I, 466–496; *cf.* also *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other, passim.*

59 *The Challenge of Facts,* 74.

60 Starr, 275.

61 Phelps, "When Yale Was Given to Sumnerology," 662.

Yale College is a good and safe place for the keeping and use of property and the sustaining of civilization when endangered by ignorance, rascality, demagogues, repudiationists, rebels, copperheads, communists, Butlers, strikers, protectionists, and fanatics of sundry roots and sizes," [62] Sumner was always suspect to a large part of the community of wealth and orthodoxy because of his independence.

Sumner's reputation has come to rest upon his *Folkways*, and in lesser measure upon his historical writings, while his many social Darwinist essays have shrunk into comparative obscurity.[63] Natural selection in the realm of ideas has taken its toll upon his life work. The ideas which have been most esteemed in *Folkways* were never reconciled with the rest of his thought. The great contribution of that work was its treatment of folkways as products of "natural forces," as evolutionary growths, rather than artifacts of human purpose or wit.[64] Critics have often suggested that Sumner's denial of the intuitive character of morals, his insistence upon their historical and institutional foundations, undermined his own stand against socialists and protectionists.[65] By a thoroughly consistent evolutionist, prepared to carry out the amoral and narrowly empirical approach to social change laid down in *Folkways*, the decline of *laissez faire*, which was so disturbing to Sumner's mature years, might have been accepted in a mellow and complaisant spirit as a new trend in the development of the *mores*. But on the subject of *laissez faire* and property rights Sumner was an uncompromising absolutist. There is no complaisance in *Protectionism, the Ism that Teaches That Waste Makes Wealth*, no mellowness in "The

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62 Quoted in Starr, 300–301.

63 For evidence that this aspect of Sumner's thought is by no means dead, however, see some of the comments in *Sumner Today*, edited by Maurice R. Davie (New Haven, 1940).

64 *Folkways*, 4 and 29.

65 *Cf.* the review of *Folkways* by George Vincent in *American Journal of Sociology*, XIII (November, 1907), 414–419; also John Chamberlain, "Sumner's Folkways," *The New Republic*, IC (May 31, 1939), 95.

Absurd Attempt to Make the World Over." As a recruit from the theological life who had always been absorbed in his own Yankee-puritan culture, Sumner found the effort of a completely consistent relativism too great. It was easier for an unacclimated alien like Thorstein Veblen to treat American society with the loftiness of a cultural anthropologist. For Sumner, the marriage customs of the Wawanga and the property relations of the Dyaks were always in a separate universe of discourse from the like institutions of his own culture.

As a defender of the *status quo* Sumner was an effective figure in American life. In the few independent efforts which earned for him the reputation of a radical, he was frustrate. It was not merely that he chose lost causes; his philosophy and the qualities of his mind were ill adapted to the ends of reform. His attacks upon the tariff were too dogmatic to be convincing. His stand against imperialism was nullified by his pessimism about the future of international relations. In 1898 he joined other New England intellectuals in the Anti-imperialist League and spoke in a forthright way against the Spanish war and imperialist ambitions,[66] but his allegiance must have been accepted with mixed feelings when it became clear that his own analysis of the roots of war implied the futility of resistance. What could one say of a man who four years later calmly remarked, "It is the competition of life . . . which makes war, and that is why war has always existed and always will," who stressed the human virtues nourished in battle, and concluded: "There is only one thing rationally to be expected, and that is a frightful effusion of blood in revolution and war in the century now opening"?[67]

This prophecy, with its somber realism, characterizes Sumner's prevailing mood and his role in the history of American thought. Since the Revolution, the dogmas of the Enlightenment had been traditional ingredients of the American faith.

[66] "The Conquest of the United States by Spain," *Essays*, II, 266–303.
[67] "War," in *War and Other Essays*.

American social thought had been optimistic, confident of the special destiny of the country, humanitarian, democratic. Its reformers still relied upon the sanctions of natural rights. It was Sumner's function to take the leadership in a critical examination of these ideological fixtures, using as his instrument the early nineteenth-century pessimism of Ricardo and Malthus, now fortified with the tremendous prestige of Darwinism. He set himself the task of deflating the philosophical speculation of the eighteenth century with the science of the nineteenth. He tried to show his contemporaries that their optimism was a hollow defiance of the realities of social struggle, that their "natural rights" were nowhere to be found in nature, and that their humanitarianism, democracy, and equality were not eternal verities, but the passing *mores* of a stage of social evolution. In an age of helter-skelter reforms, he tried to convince men that their confidence in their ability to will and plan their destinies was unwarranted by history or biology or any of the facts of experience; that the best they could do was to bow to natural forces. Like some latter-day Calvin, he came to preach the predestination of the social order and the salvation of the economically elect through the survival of the fittest.

Sumner's cold criticism of ossified beliefs and his broad evolutionary perspective on the tempo of social change must be counted among the critical contributions of the Gilded Age. The old ideals were, if not obsolete, certainly in need of more solid foundation. But adept as Sumner was in attacking the sometimes sweeping assumptions of reformers and idealists, he was less successful than he thought in eliminating metaphysics and dogma from his own philosophy. For "the heavenly city of the eighteenth century philosophers" he substituted the crude analogies of a Darwinized *laissez faire*, which, while equally blinding, were also sterile. If he dispelled the sentimentality of old-fashioned reformers, he also strengthened the most facile illusions of an acquisitive society.

THE ELUSIVENESS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

THE thought and personality of Mr. Justice Holmes have suffered from affectionate neglect. In proportion to his stature he has received less adequate interpretation than any other American of his generation. He has become the victim of his acolytes, who, in heaping sacrifices at his altar, have obscured the image of their idol. A survey of the literature about the great Justice shows numerous collections of dedicatory essays, giving him deserved adulation and the homage which men can understandably feel compelled to give to such a rare spirit among lawyers. The principal biography is written in a similar vein. But these works have not greatly helped to reveal in the character of Mr. Justice Holmes the great significance which his life holds for the student of American thought. The best statement of his elusive philosophy is still made in his own words. And for this reason several recently published volumes are of especial interest. Mr. Harry C. Shriver has edited a selection of the judicial opinions of the Justice during the nineteen years while he sat on the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.[1] He has done a service in making more generally available documents on a portion of Mr. Holmes's career little known to laymen. Although the lawyer may regret that his decisions on other than constitutional questions are not adequately represented,[2] and may feel that the wisdom in the epigrams culled by Mr. Shriver is often obscured by the omission of the facts of cases

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1 *The Judicial Opinions of Oliver Wendell Holmes: Constitutional Opinions, Selected Excerpts and Epigrams, as Given in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts (1883–1902)*, Harry C. Shriver, editor (Buffalo, New York, 1940).

2 Cases of interest which might have been included are those on instructions to juries (Loftus *v.* Inhabitants of North Adams, 160 Mass. 161) and on admissibility of evidence (Commonwealth *v.* Hannah Welch, 163 Mass. 372), interesting for its analogy to later wire-tapping cases.

in which the epigrams were stated,[3] the volume is one which should interest the layman and help him form a fuller picture of the Justice's social views.

The crucial materials for formulating Justice Holmes's social philosophy, if they have not all been accessible to the layman, have for some time been in print in the law reports. But until now his personal philosophy has had to be drawn almost entirely from his speeches. Therefore the publication of the *Holmes-Pollock Letters,* comprising a correspondence of nearly sixty years with the eminent English legal scholar, Sir Frederick Pollock, is particularly welcome.[4] The two volumes of this correspondence provide rich additional material for an attempt to define more precisely this aspect of Holmes's thinking, and the careful and restrained editing of Professor Mark DeWolfe Howe deserves the highest praise. Although the letters throughout maintain a characteristic dignified reserve, and although the readers of Holmes's judicial opinions, his *Speeches,* his *Collected Legal Papers,* and his previously published letters to William James[5] are already familiar with many of his phrases and ideas, the continuity of the correspondence and the variety of the subjects here covered, as well as the occasional interplay with Sir Frederick Pollock, paint in many lines and shadows that have heretofore been lacking. The self-assurance and clarity of the speeches are often absent, but the reader is rewarded by the feeling that he is being allowed to share the process of the great Judge's thought as he is organizing and stating his doubts. Throughout the correspondence, Justice Holmes appears as a subtle, sensitive mind of catholic and cultivated interests. And if the letters occasionally seem bookish or self-

[3] *E.g.,* the epigrams from Hamilton *v.* West End Street Railway Company (309) and from Stack *v.* New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad (316 f.).

[4] *Holmes-Pollock Letters: The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock, 1874–1932,* 2 volumes, edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe (Cambridge, 1941).

[5] R. B. Perry, *Thought and Character of William James* (Boston, 1935), I, 504 ff., and II, 458 ff.

conscious, if they sometimes seem to lack personal warmth, they are always intense and concerned with the kind of questions—indeed the whole gamut of questions—that must concern civilized men.

Dr. Johnson once said of Sir Isaac Newton that if he had lived among the Greeks he would have been worshipped as a god. Mr. Justice Holmes came as near apotheosis in his own day as perhaps any other American. And yet it is singularly difficult to imagine his thought and character transferred to another age. For the great Judge was no system-builder. His social philosophy—if one is to be articulated for him—must be pieced together as a mosaic of decisions on particular issues which he met during his years as Judge and Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and later as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The work of exegesis has not been wholly successful; it is not certain that he would have accepted any of the systems made for him by his disciples. The newly-published correspondence with Sir Frederick Pollock reveals more of the tantalizing elusiveness of Holmes's personal philosophy, and helps account for the fact that many of his disciples have simply given themselves up to a reverent homage. The inadequacy of labels like "liberal" and "conservative" quickly appears, and it becomes increasingly evident that here was a man so sensitive to contemporary thoughts and feelings, so eager to wreak himself upon life, and so responsive to the variety, color, and sound of life that he embodied many of the conflicting currents and attitudes of his day. In his earnestness to encompass all philosophies and yet to commit himself to none, his personal world of ideas was a world of doubt and conflict.

Mr. Justice Holmes, the product of a New England conservative tradition, clearly felt the tug of opposing forces. His family background drew him in the direction of respectability, elegance, and the genteel tradition. But the individuality of the Justice was intensely liberal; he was a man of extra-

ordinary intelligence who was eager and happy to see a world of change. He was finally unable to reconcile these two aspects of his personality, although an apparent resolution took the form of a faith in conflict, in the process and struggle of life. Indeed, "conflict," physical and intellectual, is a *leitmotif* of the correspondence. On October 21, 1895, he opened his letter to Sir Frederick, "Thirty-four years ago today was my first battle. I was shot through the breast at Ball's Bluff & it always seems something of an anniversary to me." [6] That was written in the Judge's fifty-fifth year. Nearly a third of a century later, when he was over eighty, he still celebrated the anniversary, and headed a letter to Sir Frederick, "Beverly Farms, September 18, 1927 Antietam was 65 years ago yesterday." [7] In his serious utterances he used most frequently the metaphors of battle. He liked to call himself "an old soldier." In his speech on his predecessor as Chief Justice of Massachusetts, Holmes concluded by saying, "With a kind of desperate joy we go back to the fight." [8] The figure of battle which characterized the active life to him, also represented to him the world of ideas and of moral values. As early as 1895, he wrote to Pollock of the qualities necessary to make a lawyer a "fighting success." [9] In a significant letter in the summer of 1925, again employing the metaphor of battle, he wrote:

I think the proper attitude is that we know nothing of cosmic values and bow our heads—seeing reason enough for doing all we can and not demanding the plan of campaign of the General—or even asking whether there is any general or any plan.

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[6] *Holmes-Pollock Letters* (hereinafter referred to by volume and page numbers only), I, 64.

[7] II, 205.

[8] Silas Bent, *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes* (New York, 1932), 224. Some other uses of the figure of battle in speeches occur on pages 137 f., 218, and 353. Of Bertrand Russell, Mr. Justice Holmes wrote to his correspondent on May 2, 1925, "But I think he is something of a sentimentalist, and does not talk well of war." II, 158.

[9] I, 65.

It's enough for me that this universe can produce intelligence, ideals, etc.—*et superest ager.*[10]

By a paradox, this most reflective of recent American jurists seemed to admire the study of law not so much because it was philosophical as because it dealt with the world of conflicting interests—where the discords of the market place were given all the drama and dignity which men's everyday disagreements can be given in human society. In 1870, only a half-dozen years after he had taken up legal study, he wrote, "It is the merit of the common law that it decides the case first and determines the principle afterwards." [11] The personal philosophy that led him to find this charm in the common law was expressed many years later, in 1897, in a public tribute to a fellow judge:

> But I know of no true measure of men except the total of human energy which they embody—counting everything, with due allowance for quality, from Nansen's power to digest blubber or to resist cold, up to his courage, or to Wordsworth's power to express the unutterable, or to Kant's speculative reach. The final test of this energy is battle in some form—actual war—the crush of Arctic ice—the fight for mastery in the market or the court. . . . It is one thing to utter a happy phrase from a protected cloister; another to think under fire—to think for action upon which great interests depend.[12]

Like the true soldier, Holmes sometimes seemed more interested in the process and strategy of the fight than in the cause for which the fighting was being done. The conflicts of interests in society were essential to the drama of life. The judge was a sort of *deus ex machina,* interested not so much in removing conflict as in resolving it. He found Brooks

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10 II, 163.

11 Bent, 346, quoting from an unsigned editorial in the *American Law Review,* I, 5. *Cf.,* for example, the dicta against "general reasoning" and "too broadly generalized conceptions." Shriver, 285 and 289.

12 Bent, 137 f.

Adams's philosophy of history exciting and was much concerned with his theory of the place of conflict in history,[13] although he naturally did not find the pessimism of the man congenial.[14] Despite this interest in the fight and his desire to preserve the equal opportunities of the fight for all men in society, Holmes distrusted "fighting faiths," [15] and particularly the faiths of reformers—men with whose social philosophy his has been often identified. They represented the "upward and onward," [16] men who must have seemed to the Justice more concerned with the cause than with the struggle.

Holmes's curiosity about the new philosophies entering on the battlefield of ideas and his interest in the drama of intellectual history only confirmed him in his distrust of systems of thought. Since "time has upset many fighting faiths," and "the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that . . . is the only ground upon which [men's] wishes safely can be carried out," [17] the validity of systems would naturally be affected by the conditions of the market. He wrote from Washington in 1905, "am just turning to Santayana's last two volumes of *The Life of Reason* which I like better than any philosophy I have read—or nearly so. . . . But more and more I am inclined to belittle the doings of the philosophers while I think philosophy the end of life." [18] The philosophy which Justice Holmes asserted again and again was one which he thought freed him from the bonds of any particular system, and which may have seemed to him actually to evade some of the central problems of philosophy. This was

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13 1, 64 f., 76 f., 124, and 187.

14 1, 73.

15 *Cf. The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes*, Alfred Lief, editor, (New York, 1929), 50.

16 1, 201. *Cf.* the remark of Mr. Holmes to his secretary, about 1916: "I'm afraid Brandeis has the crusading spirit. He talks like one of those upward-and-onward fellows." Bent, 281.

17 *The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes*, 50, quoted from Abrams *et al v.* United States, 250 U.S., 616, at 630.

18 1, 122.

his philosophy of "can't helps." As he wrote in the summer of 1906:

> I always start my cosmic salad by saying that all I mean by truth is what I *can't help* thinking and that I have no means of deciding whether my can't helps have any cosmic worth. They clearly don't in many cases. I think the philosophers usually are too arrogant in their attitude. I accept the existence of a universe, in some unpredicable sense, just as I accept yours—by an act of faith—or by another can't help, perhaps.[19]

Over twenty years later, in 1929, he was writing in the same vein, insisting that "the *I* can't help is the ultimate. If we are sensible men and not crazy on-*ists* of any sort, we recognize that if we are in a minority of one we are likely to get locked up and then find a test or qualifications by reference to some kind of majority vote actual or imagined."[20] Close as this attitude may seem to the doctrines of pragmatism, Mr. Justice Holmes would not call himself a pragmatist, perhaps partly because of the temperamental incompatibility which he came to feel with William James, and partly because he preferred the individualism of his personal philosophy.[21]

More and more it appears that Mr. Justice Holmes's belief in conflict and in free competition among ideas was connected somehow with the conflicts in his own life and with his difficulty in deciding what he really believed. In May of 1919 he wrote:

> Brandeis the other day drove a harpoon into my midriff with reference to my summer occupations. He said you talk about improving your mind, you only exercise it on the subjects with

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19 I, 126. *Cf.* the strikingly similar statements at I, 139, and II, 251 f.

20 II, 255 f. *Cf.* Santayana's remark that James believed philosophy to have a Polish Constitution, *Character and Opinion in the United States* (New York, 1920), 82.

21 "*I* think pragmatism an amusing humbug—like most of William James's speculations, as distinguished from his admirable and well written Irish perceptions of life." I, 138 f. *Cf.* I, 140, and R. B. Perry, *Thought and Character of William James* (Boston, 1935), II, 458 ff.

which you are familiar. Why don't you try something new, study some domain of fact. Take up the textile industries in Massachusetts and after reading the reports sufficiently you can go to Lawrence and get a notion of how it really is. I hate facts. I always say the chief end of man is to form general propositions—adding that no general proposition is worth a damn. Of course a general proposition is simply a string for the facts and I have little doubt that it would be good for my immortal soul to plunge into them, good also for the performance of my duties, but I shrink from the bore—or rather I hate to give up the chance to read this and that, that a gentleman should have read before he dies. I don't remember that I ever read Machiavelli's *Prince*—and I think of the Day of Judgment. There are a good many worse ignorances than that that ought to be closed up. I don't know how it will come out. The spring here is enchanting.[22]

Although he had written as early as 1886, "All that life offers any man from which to start his thinking or his striving is a fact," [23] although his legal philosophy continually lends itself to characterization as Legal Pragmatism, Mr. Justice Holmes in his personal philosophy was often inclined to take refuge in a kind of mysticism. The theme of the "unknowable" runs through his letters as it runs through his speeches. However important the pragmatic attitude in his way of thinking, there was also a large transcendental element. Commenting on James's *Pragmatism,* he significantly remarked, "And I now see, as I have seen in his other books that I have read, that the aim and end of the whole business is religious . . . . taking that as the significance of the whole business I make it my bow." [24] He himself made the link between

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[22] II, 13 f. In 1897, Mr. Holmes had written, "For the rational study of law the black-letter man may be the man of the present, but the man of the future is the man of statistics and the master of economics." *Collected Legal Papers,* collected by Harold J. Laski (New York, 1920), 187.

[23] *Collected Legal Papers,* 30. Examples of his pragmatic attitude to the law may be found in the *Holmes-Pollock Letters, e. g.,* definition of "a right," II, 212; and "The Path of the Law," in *Collected Legal Papers,* 167 ff.

[24] I, 140.

mysticism and his own "can't help" philosophy when he wrote in 1918, "It is true that beliefs and wishes have a transcendental basis in the sense that their foundation is arbitrary. You can not help entertaining and feeling them, and there is an end of it." [25] In the same year he was writing to Pollock, "I am a mystic in the sense of believing myself to be an intelligible moment of the unintelligible, but not at all in that of supposing that by purging myself of all activities that the Cosmos has implanted I can get nearer to the central power and have a private conversation with God." [26]

The more one reads in this lively correspondence, the more Mr. Justice Holmes appears as the inquiring, restless, liberal mind, full of conflict and doubt—more interested in the multifariousness than in the moral of life. There is at once a note of optimism and of detachment. The reader cannot help perceiving the tension and inner conflict of a man who saw and understood much of the world, who was philosophical by nature and conservative by environment, but who dared not formulate a philosophy, and could not accept one ready-made. It is singularly difficult to trace development in Mr. Justice Holmes's thought; the uncertainty, the doubt, and the enquiry continued for the whole of the fifty-eight years of the correspondence. Without elaborating the connection with his social philosophy, it is obvious that between Holmes's own uncertainties and faith in the conflict in life and his eagerness to preserve for other people in society the opportunity of a fair fight, whether on the economic or on the intellectual level, there must have been some relation. The figure of Mr. Justice Holmes emerges as the prototype, on the highest intellectual level, of intelligent, self-conscious individualism in the expanding America of the late nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries. Individualism, in the dynamic form in which Mr. Justice Holmes prescribed

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[25] *Collected Legal Papers*, 312.
[26] I, 274. *Cf.* II, 207 f.

it for the state, made him friends among socialists and radicals. But individualism as a personal philosophy, although when combined with the tradition of the culture of gentlemen it could make the warm intellectual relations of his friendship with Sir Frederick Pollock, still left him alone and in doubt, torn between pragmatism and mysticism, and finally reposing his faith in the struggle of life. "For high and dangerous action teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism. The proof comes later, and even may never come." [27]

[27] Quoted in Bent, 123.

CRITICISM OF FRENCH NOVELS IN BOSTON MAGAZINES, 1830–1860

ALBERT L. RABINOVITZ

BY 1830 the disrepute into which the English novel had fallen during the days of Ann Radcliff and London's famous Minerva Press had been more than offset by the irreproachable quality of the tales of Walter Scott. It became futile as well as unfashionable for Boston preachers to attack the practice of novel reading in the face of such edifying entertainment as the Waverley series. Beginning with that year, however, a new threat presented itself to Boston morals in the form of the French novel; but for the most part it was met, to judge solely from magazine criticisms of the following three decades, with eminent taste and good sense.

The period from 1830 to 1860 in the United States has been called by one of its own keen observers the "golden age of periodicals," and the contribution of Boston to its luster was not small. At that time the city boasted the *North American Review*, founded in 1815 and considered by many to be the equal of the *Edinburgh Review* itself. Its articles, written from the moderately conservative point of view, were authoritative enough to be plagiarized by English publications at a time when the reverse was the more usual process. Its contributors on French literature included Fanny Kemble, Ainsworth R. Spofford, chief librarian of the Library of Congress, and John L. Motley, who wrote the most appreciative English critique of Balzac during the latter's lifetime. Its editor from 1843 to 1853 was Francis Bowen, a Harvard professor of philosophy with a keen interest in French literature, who wrote long articles for the magazine on Dumas, George Sand, and Charles Paul de Kock. The *North American Review* was the first American periodical to establish a regular department devoted exclusively to the criticism of new French books, assigning that duty in 1856 to the Countess de Bury,

who was succeeded the following year by Professor Ferdinand Bôcher of Harvard.

Besides the *North American,* Boston was the home of the *Boston Quarterly Review,* the *Harbinger,* the *Dial,* the *Christian Examiner,* and the *Atlantic Monthly,* not to mention a number of sectarian periodicals of less universal appeal. The *Boston Quarterly* was edited and turned out almost single-handedly by Orestes A. Brownson, a Vermonter turned Bostonian and a Presbyterian turned Catholic, whose ideas on French novels were as unconventional as his views on religion. The *Harbinger,* successor to the *Phalanx* of New York, was founded as the organ of Brook Farm when that community turned Fourierist. No weekly number was felt complete without an indictment of the existing social order; and the novels of George Sand and Eugène Sue, which in that respect resembled the *Harbinger,* were lauded there as extravagantly as they were attacked everywhere else. The editors of the short-lived *Dial* evinced greater interest in German literature than in French, with the exception of Margaret Fuller, who paid homage to the novels of George Sand by a personal visit during a stay in Europe. The *Christian Examiner,* published by the Unitarian clergy of Boston, was at once the most catholic and least theological of the religious periodicals, and numbered among its contributors Emerson, Channing, Henry T. Tuckerman, and William Ware. As for the *Atlantic Monthly,* in 1860 it was, of course, still in its infancy, but it showed an early interest in French literature that became more marked as the years went by.

Three well-known eclectic magazines—Andrew Norton's *Select Journal, Littell's Living Age,* and the *Daguerreotype*—reproducing the best articles of the British reviews, were also published in Boston. The opinion that Americans, especially those who had never been abroad, formed to themselves of France was strongly influenced by English ideas on the subject; and no medium was more active in transporting these ideas than the eclectic magazines, which, because of the ab-

sence of an international copyright law, were able to appropriate British magazine literature at will. Americans, like the English and perhaps because of them, were inclined to associate the French with frivolousness and irreligion—a myth that arose in the days of Voltaire, Crébillon *fils*, and Rousseau, and has never been entirely dispelled. Moreover, the many changes in government after the French Revolution betrayed a certain lack of emotional stability. The latest political upheaval, the Revolution of 1830, had upset society just as it appeared to be settling again and seemed to have transformed Paris practically overnight into a metropolis seething with activity where nothing, apparently, was held sacred. "France," said the *New Englander*, a Methodist magazine published at New Haven, "needs most of all a religion. We do not believe her so atheistic and godless as she is sometimes represented. The best of people are sometimes the most quiet, and there are doubtless many Frenchmen of whom little is heard or said, both in Catholic and Protestant churches, who seek after the Lord, if haply they may find Him. Still, France is giddy, worldly, and thoughtless, and in the mass as we fear, far enough from God." [1]

A few of the gloomier prophets, firm in the conviction that immorality is bound to be visited by divine punishment, predicted the utter collapse of the whole French nation from sheer rottenness, and could not be made to change their minds even after the passing of many years found France in better physical health than themselves. They regarded Balzac, George Sand, and Paul de Kock as exact portrayers of their times without suspecting that the novels of the first two met with considerable censure in their own country, while those of the third were scarcely counted there as literature. Nowhere, Andrews Norton's *Select Journal* complained, was there in the new French literature the repose and stateliness of classical times. In their stead one found attacks on society,

1 *New Englander*, VI, 595 (October, 1848).

radical speculations, and the "studious agitation of those moral problems from which men are generally anxious to shrink."[2] William Sullivan, writing in the *Christian Examiner*, declared summarily that there were no respectable novels earlier than Richardson's *Pamela*, and added: "We recollect to have heard of only two or three (though there may be more) good novels among the French; because we cannot give that praise to any novel which leaves the mind less pure than it was, however attractively and ingeniously imitable vice and folly are portrayed."[3] Fanny Kemble showed herself no less partial, in spite of a girlhood spent in France, when she admitted that some of the writing in Victor Hugo's *Hernani* "would positively be poetry if it were not French."[4]

In all truthfulness, however, such narrow-mindedness, the result of prejudices that were either inherited or acquired, was not characteristic of the majority of Boston critics. Most of them had been abroad, knew France and French literature at first hand, and although often not enthusiastic in their reaction, judged them with fairness and sometimes with sympathy. Francis Bowen was perfectly willing to admit the possibility of two standards of taste existing side by side. The French classical authors like Corneille and Racine, he pointed out, and even the modern neo-classicists of Delavigne's school, are unexceptionable because, being innately decent men, they had no cause to write indecently about other times and other places. "But the Romanticists attempt to delineate life and manners as they are, to hold the mirror up to the present nature. Greater license, then, appears in their writings to foreign eyes, but it is not necessarily apparent when regarded from their point of view."[5] Frederic D. Hunt-

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2 *Select Journal*, II, 3–5 (July, 1833), reprinted from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

3 *Christian Examiner*, XVII, 375 (January, 1835). William Sullivan (1774–1839), son of a governor of Massachusetts and a legislator himself, was the author of a series of popular textbooks on history, politics, and ethics.

4 *North American Review*, XLIII, 156 (July, 1836).

5 *North American Review*, LIII, 111–112 (July, 1841).

ington, while not for a moment condoning French indecency, recognized that the French had no monopoly of it.

> Writers in Boston and New York are hardly outdone in vice even by Paul de Kock, whose base volumes are fit for nothing but to be burned. We who speak the English tongue have no right to make "French" a synonym for "licentious" in literature while we have works securely established and lauded as among the classics of our language . . . which fully match in laxity those of Frenchmen worse than Dumas.[6]

In the same year John L. Motley announced that he was getting a little bored with the perpetual insistence on moralizing in works of fiction:

> The same persons who call Goethe immoral should denounce the immorality of Professor Agassiz because, for instance, he informed the respectable people of Boston that, in a certain family of the *Radiata*, every female always marries her grandfather. The impropriety, if it be one, belongs to Nature, and not to her student.
>
> We have been a little fatigued with the reforming tendency of writers of fiction, the authors who are for changing everything, abolishing everything, and who have a radical objection to everything in existence. . . . Certainly the world should be reformed, but not entirely by novel writers. . . . Slavery must be abolished, intemperance must be annihilated, the prisons, the schools, the hospitals must all be overhauled; Congress must be purged, the White House swept clean; the press, the pulpit, and the courthouse looked after; our agriculture, which in New England is three centuries behind the age, must be remodeled, and the farmers impressed with the virtues of soda and electricity; pigs must be placed in their true position; that animal, which the benevo-

[6] *Christian Examiner*, XLII, 105 (January, 1847). Frederic Dan Huntington (1819–1904), a native of Hadley and graduate of the Harvard Divinity School in 1842, became pastor of the South Congregational Church (Unitarian). Editor-in-chief of the *Monthly Religious Magazine* from 1845 to 1858, he suddenly turned Episcopalian, became bishop of central New York, and founded the St. John's School at Manlius, New York.

lence of the present age has discovered to be cleanly, must be redeemed from his filth and sent upstairs to bed like a Christian; but all these great topics are not necessarily good material for the novelist.[7]

For Orestes A. Brownson the knowledge that the Tory *Quarterly Review* of London had denounced French novels was enough to recommend them without a reading. But Brownson read them, and although he found he could not sympathize with them strongly, he considered them scarcely so anti-social, licentious, or indecent as had been charged. His main objection was that they offered too many pictures of vice and horror without ever showing the contrasting goodness of the spiritual life.[8]

II

Judging from the amount of print devoted to her, George Sand was the French novelist most hotly discussed in Boston during the thirties and forties. In England George Sand's name was unmentionable. Her innocuous novelette, *La Mare au Diable,* which is read today in school classrooms, had been brought out there as *"Marie,* from the French, edited by the Count d'Orsay." Wild rumors had floated in to the United States from abroad about her scandalous private life, her divorce, and her habit of wearing masculine clothes and smoking cigars. Was it fully realized, asked the *Select Journal,* after someone had been bold enough and naive enough to praise her as "Monsieur Sand," that she "is a woman whose real name is pledged in the orgies of certain *coteries* in Paris as the 'Byron of France'; and whose eccentricities had ren-

[7] *North American Review,* LXV, 89 (July, 1847).

[8] George Sand's *Spiridion* was an exception. It treated the same theme as Brownson's own autobiographical novel, *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted,* which depicts a man passing through the various stages of religious experience, from doubt to infidelity and back again to faith in God and immortality. "We have never read a book on religious subjects that contained so many passages which seemed to be perfect transcripts from our own experience." *Boston Quarterly Review,* V, 251 (April, 1842).

dered her the object of general attention even before she became the founder of a school of which Rousseau's *Confessions* afford a feeble type?"[9] It was hard for some critics to keep George Sand's reputation from affecting their judgment of her works. Even when Huntington, in the *Christian Examiner,* professed to have taken particular pains to do so, Francis G. Shaw of the *Harbinger* refused to admit that he had succeeded.

What most disturbed the critics, with the exception of the *Harbinger,* was George Sand's attacks on social institutions. *Lélia, Jacques, Valentine,* and *Indiana* were not ordinary romances. They carried a message, and George Sand's pretensions as a social reformer commanded the right to be analyzed and judged for what they were worth. In perfect accord about her literary style, which they praised variously as rich, graceful, delicate, beautiful, brilliant, and eloquent, the critics disagreed about the morality of her novels. One of them pointed out that the fascination of her style made her all the more dangerous, for it would lead innocent readers to sympathize with false notions. Brownson saw in her the creator of the movement for women's rights in America, but even he would offer no better consolation for the suffering George Sand was alleged to have undergone at the hands of society than a homely Yankee remedy.

> Poor Madame Dudevant, we doubt not that thou hast suffered much, and that thou hast faithfully unfolded to us much of thy own painful experience, for which we are duly grateful. We can easily believe all the sentimental tortures thou so eloquently and pathetically settest forth as endured by thy sex are really endured by them. But after all, my dear Madame, a few hours each day of employment in the labors performed by thy cook or chambermaid, with a simpler diet, would improve thy digestion and save thee from a greater part of them.[10]

[9] *Select Journal,* I, Critical Notices, 72–73 (January, 1834), reprinted from the *Athenæum.*

[10] *Boston Quarterly Review,* V, 242 (April, 1842).

Bowen and Huntington resented the summary attack made on social institutions by someone who was only a superficial and emotional amateur, ranting and fulminating without proper deliberation. Huntington recognized the existence of a marriage problem and the difficulty of solving it, but felt that it should be discussed with great gravity, and only by a few who were capable of discussing it with due respect for God, as George Sand herself appeared utterly incapable of doing. It was easy, they pointed out, for George Sand to let the individual sin as he would, and then place all the blame on society—just as easy as it was to preach, as *Valentine* does, according to Bowen, that passion and impulse, when sincere, should be gratified, because they sanctify all actions committed under their influence. Nobody should be misled, he warned, by George Sand's methods of arousing sympathy. As for himself, he was much too level-headed to be taken in by this "school of overheated romance," in which the heroines fell in love before they were asked to do so and the heroes had a peculiar invulnerability to physical suffering. Benedict, the hero of *Valentine,* shoots himself in the head without apparent ill effect. "This event," observed Bowen, "would seem to be the *finale* of his history, for 'the times have been, that where the brains were out, the man would die.' But this does not apply to the heroes of French romance, who often have as many lives as a cat." [11]

Throughout all her critical tribulations in Boston, George Sand found a steady defender in the *Harbinger*. Where others saw nothing but a harlot, the good citizens of Brook Farm saw nothing but an angel. The first American translation of *Consuelo* was made at Brook Farm by Francis G. Shaw,[12] and ran serially in the *Harbinger*. A little polemic was even car-

11 *North American Review,* LIII, 127 (July, 1841).

12 Francis G. Shaw (1809–1882) joined Brook Farm at its inception and maintained throughout his life his interest in the social improvement of the underprivileged. He served Roxbury as school committeeman, justice of the peace, and overseer of the poor. He translated the works of Zschokke and Fourier as well as those of George Sand.

ried on with the Boston *Post*, which called *Jacques* one of the most "genteelly-filthy" books ever written, and likened its author to the fox in the fable who preached the undesirability of tails simply because he had lost his own. "The recent attempt by a clique in this vicinity to exalt George Sand into a pure, spiritual, and even transcendental writer is one of the most ridiculous tricks ever undertaken," said the *Post*.[13] It required no subtlety of the imagination to know who was being aimed at, and John S. Dwight[14] lost no time in composing a retort which bluntly asked the *Post*, then edited by Charles Gordon Greene, by what right it undertook to charge others with immorality when it was engaged at the time in exciting the United States into a war with Mexico.

Almost as staunch a supporter of George Sand as the *Harbinger* was Margaret Fuller in the *Dial*. *Mauprat* was one of her favorite novels. She was charmed by its theme, which is the elevation of a brute from the depths of sensualism to a moral and intellectual life through his love for a pure woman. In George Sand, Margaret Fuller saw principally the champion of her sex. "Women like Sand will speak now," she said admiringly, "and cannot be silenced; their characters and eloquence alike foretell an era when such as they shall easier learn to lead true lives."[15]

As the years went on, and the opinions of George Sand herself became mellower and more restrained, her judges likewise became less severe, and a little bit ashamed of the intransigeance with which they had once attacked her. Even in England a clergyman was undertaking the translation of her works, and critics were beginning to grant that she was a woman of essentially noble character, earnest and sincere in her desire for social betterment, not a reformer but merely

[13] Boston *Post*, January 21, 1847.

[14] John S. Dwight (1813–1893) while at Harvard gave early evidence of the love for music that made him one of the first and most influential critics of that art in the United States.

[15] *Dial*, IV, 30 (July, 1843).

a questioner. William Henry Hurlbert, in the *Christian Examiner,* made her rehabilitation definitive with one long, panegyrical sentence which called her

> that extraordinary woman who, in the first tumult of indignation and liberty, exposed with so fearless and so rash a hand the secret workings of a heart tortured into disease and agony by the tyranny of a depraved social order, who, since that time, as freedom and thought brought her calmness and faith, has earnestly labored to remove the sources of her own suffering and that of so many others, less powerful, but not less injured, and who alike in her serenity has displayed an artistic skill, a power of intellectual fascination, a living genius, which raise her productions to the rank of poetry.[16]

As a writer of fiction, Victor Hugo was known in the United States before 1860 principally through *Notre-Dame de Paris* and *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,* since *Les Misérables* had not yet been written, and his two youthful efforts, *Bug-Jargal* and *Han d'Islande,* had been practically ignored. Opinion was strangely divided as to Hugo's morality. The *Select Journal* was glad to single him out from his contemporaries for his "pure spirit" and "sympathy for goodness and devotion," but Fanny Kemble begged "to assure him that his books are immoral; for his women are worthless, and that is enough."[17] Even as late as 1857, the *Methodist Quarterly Review* refused to relent about either George Sand or Hugo, lumping them both together as "the High Priests of Disorder."[18] Nobody denied Hugo talent and power, but the use to which he put them was often disparaged. Brownson considered his love of antithesis and of the grotesque as harmful rather than helpful to his genius, and Fanny Kemble,

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16 *Christian Examiner,* XLV, 415 (November, 1848). Hurlbert, the future editor of the New York *World,* was twenty-one when he wrote the article.

17 *North American Review,* XLIII, 137 (July, 1836).

18 *Methodist Quarterly Review,* XXXIX, 127–128 (January, 1857).

with whom Hugo was certainly no favorite, could not stand his extravagance.

> He gets astride upon his fancy, like his own Quasimodo on the great bell of Notre-Dame, and swings away, till the whirl and the din and the dizziness of his mental belfry bid fair to outvie that of the Hunchback, and to leave its occupant with as few wits at the end of these outrageous intellectual exercises.[19]

It has taken the reading public of this country almost a century to realize that Eugène Sue was nothing but a penny-a-liner, for his works have continued to be republished here till recent years. The *Mysteries of Paris* met with an immediate and tremendous success, and when *The Wandering Jew* made its appearance in serial form in France, Harper's could not translate the instalments fast enough for their readers. The critics, however, showed more reserve. Not only did Sue openly advocate Fourierism and make light of the marriage bond, but his novels were tainted with a sensualism that even the *Harbinger*, which defended him on every other count, was forced to own. John S. Dwight was happy to be able to "acquit him of the great sin of the age, which is the passion for *success*."[20] This would have appeared odd in France, where it was said that Sue wrote as much of his fiction as possible in dialogue because the newspaper paid him at space rates and a one-syllable exclamation counted as a line. But to the *Harbinger* the attacks of others were as recommendations, and though Dana[21] and Dwight might have differed over Sue's decorousness, the former finding him a bit too sensual and the latter not so at all, they both sprang to his defense when Fourierism was involved. Henry William Herbert[22] had, in a preface to his own translation, called *The*

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19 *North American Review*, XLIII, 136 (July, 1836).

20 *Harbinger*, I, 365 (November 15, 1845).

21 Charles A. Dana (1819–1897) was an early member of Brook Farm and later editor of Horace Greeley's *Tribune* and of his own New York *Sun*.

22 Henry William Herbert (1807–1858) was famous as the writer of many

Wandering Jew "utterly subversive of social morality, destitute of religion, and averse to Christianity." Dana met these charges, and using Sue's book as a springboard, launched into a defense of the Fourierist doctrine of Association, disclaimed any sympathy with Fourier's ideas on the relations of the sexes, and said that if there were a museum of mental curiosities, Herbert should be preserved in it.

What scandalized the readers of *The Wandering Jew* most was the unorthodox views expressed by the heroine, Adrienne de Cardoville, and her lover, Djalma, both of whom held the institution of marriage in light esteem, since it was superfluous if their love lasted forever and irksome if their love ceased. The mere statement of these views was reprehensible enough, but Sue overstepped the limits of decency by having Adrienne and Djalma put them into practice, for they expire in a passionate embrace whose sensuality he made no attempt to hide:

> And falling back, the light and transparent curtains veiled, like a cloud, this nuptial,—this funereal couch. Funereal, for within two hours Adrienne and Djalma had breathed forth their last sigh in an agony of voluptuous bliss.

These words had been too shocking for a critic in the *United States Democratic Review* of New York to bear, but Dwight in the *Harbinger* merely shrugged them off, and the worst he would say of Adrienne was that she could not be called saint-like.

Sue was not felt worth mention by any Boston magazine but the *Harbinger,* but Charles Paul de Kock,[23] who was his inferior, if Sue can be said to have any, elicited a thirty-page critique in the *North American Review* from the pen of

sporting books under the pseudonym of Frank Forester. He also translated numerous foreign works.

[23] Charles Paul de Kock, like Sue, was a writer of *feuilletons,* or serialized novels, for Parisian newspapers. His specialty was recording the gay life and frivolous manners of the Parisian lower class, the *grisettes,* and their student friends.

Francis Bowen. Vastly overrated in England and in this country, where his novels formed many an American's conception of Paris and continued to be read and reprinted in de luxe editions for many years, in his own country Paul de Kock was considered beneath literary notice. It must be said in Bowen's defense that he had no illusions about Paul de Kock's literary merits. He knew that his books must never be allowed in the hands of "those whose tender age or sex should be kept free even from the observation of impurity and sin, and, so far as may be, from the knowledge that such things exist." Yet he found it difficult to condemn such a merry rogue, whose novels, Bowen declared, gave a better insight into the true state of Parisian society than a thousand statistical details or formal reports could do. What was more—and this, it is obvious, was his greatest merit in Bowen's eyes—he was no George Sand: "He does not make war upon the laws of society. He has no new code of morals to recommend, by which virtues and vices shall change places with each other in the estimation of the world."[24] But Bowen swallowed Paul de Kock's exaggerated descriptions whole, and was quite certain that they were faithful reflections of the moral and intellectual condition of the French reading public. This led him to conclude on a note of complacency:

> It is a source of some consolation and pride to reflect that, whatever may be the faults chargeable on cheap publications of a similar class in the English language, they are far purer and better, more sound in principle and healthy in tone, than the works which are now issuing in great profusion from the Parisian press.[25]

Not everybody who had read the cheap novels of "Professor" Ingraham and his imitators was inclined to be so proud of them as Bowen.

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[24] *North American Review*, LVI, 298 (April, 1843).
[25] *North American Review*, LVI, 300 (April, 1843).

Bowen had more use for Paul de Kock than for Alexandre Dumas, whom he criticized because he wrote solely for money and was a student of effect. "A third-rate tragedian," he called him, for he took Dumas too seriously, and let the Frenchman's colossal vanity irritate rather than amuse him. It was different with Winthrop Sargent, whose long article[26] on the plagiarisms of Dumas was filled with jocular indulgence toward the master showman of literature.

When Balzac died in 1850, hardly more than three or four of the forty-odd novels that comprise his vast *Comédie humaine—La Peau de Chagrin, Le Père Goriot, Eugénie Grandet,* and *La Recherche de l'Absolu,* of which only the last two were felt to be unexceptionable—had been translated into English. The Americans like Brownson, Motley, and H. T. Tuckerman who had read Balzac in the original judged him with an impartiality that sometimes led to frank admiration. Those who had not read him relied for their information on the English reviews, whose prejudices they accepted to fit their own. As late as 1857, when Balzac was already in vogue, an anonymous writer for the *Methodist Quarterly Review,* reporting an article of the *North British Review,* copied the portion which lumped Balzac together with Sue and Dumas as "worshipers of gold,"[27] but wilfully omitted some very generous compliments paid to him in the course of the English article.

Brownson acknowledged Balzac's power and fertility, and where others saw in him an apologist and practitioner of the vices he exposed, Brownson regarded him as a satirist of the hollowness, vanity, and hypocrisy of society. The only fault he had to find was that Balzac showed no silver lining: ". . . we nowhere meet in him the warm and genial aspiration to some-

[26] *North American Review,* LXXVIII, 305–345 (April, 1854). This article on plagiarism was itself plagiarized by *Chambers Journal* of London, V, 321–324 (May 24, 1856). Winthrop Sargent (1825–1870), a Philadelphian, practised law at Boston. He is the author of several books on historical subjects relating to the American Revolution.

[27] *Methodist Quarterly Review,* XXXIX, 127–128 (January, 1857).

thing better. . . . We rise from his pages soured, indignant, and misanthropic."[28] But this fidelity to the truth was precisely what recommended Balzac to Motley, whose article on him in the *North American* is admirably penetrating and witty. He preferred him immeasurably to Sue and George Sand because they were self-styled reformers, whereas Balzac was an artist: "He is neither moral nor immoral, but a calm and profound observer of human society and human passions, and a minute, patient, and powerful delineator of scenes and characters in the world before his eyes. His readers must moralize for themselves." Motley was heartily glad to be rid of beggars with hearts of gold and priests with hearts of steel.

> Balzac takes the world as it is. He does not look for all the virtue in one place, and all the vice in another; and we are inclined to believe he is right. For ourselves, we have arrived at the conclusion that all "the natural nobility" is not monopolized by the almshouse, nor all the temperance by the reformed drunkards, nor all the chastity by the penitent Magdalens.[29]

Motley called attention to Balzac's daguerreotype-like pictures of society, his coolness in treating all cases, "like a doctor with a stethoscope," his mastery of the two great genera, the *femme incomprise* and the *femme abandonnée*, his minute, inventory-like descriptions, and his occasional affectation in style. Nothing in Motley's article betrays its date, least of all the author's admiration for his subject, for Balzac in 1847 was appreciated little in France and read even less in England. Thirteen years later the *Atlantic Monthly* called him "the Fielding of French literature,"[30] but by that time Balzac's genius was no longer a matter of question.

In a letter to Gustave Flaubert written after the criminal action brought against *Madame Bovary* in France, Philoxène Boyer, a friend of the novelist's, wrote: "Je vous envoie un

[28] *Boston Quarterly Review*, V, 231 (April, 1842).
[29] *North American Review*, LXV, 93 (July, 1847).
[30] *Atlantic Monthly*, VI, 637 (November, 1860).

curieux article americain sur *Madame Bovary*. Vous verrez que ces Yankees sont moins betes que les Parisiens du boulevard." The *"curieux article"* may very well have been that written by the Countess De Bury for the *North American Review*. For once the French had exhibited a streak of prudery with regard to a novel, and the opportunity of raising the eyebrows at their narrow-mindedness was too rarely offered to be passed up. *"Madame Bovary*, though full of talent, is neither so immoral nor so original as has been pretended," wrote the Countess De Bury. "Nothing in this much talked of novel at all comes up to the immoralities contained in Balzac and Sue."[31] In fact the Countess De Bury refused to take part in either the praise or the censure excited by *Madame Bovary*. She saw in the heroine of the novel nothing but the thousandth reproduction of the hackneyed *femme incomprise*, with this exception, that Flaubert showed no sympathy for her and made sure that the reader is never deceived by Emma's talk about her soul, her aspirations, and her solitude on earth. The Countess had high regard for the accuracy with which French middle-class society is described; but for her, as for Francis Bowen in his comments on Paul de Kock, these pictures were useful to Americans only as examples to avoid.

The reactions of Boston magazine critics toward the most popular French novels of their day present more than a sentimental and historical interest. It is no secret that French novels did not meet with general approval in the United States from 1830 to 1860. But it is equally clear that the opinions of Boston reviewers on that particular subject did not fall into the conventional mold. The presence of distinguished writers like Motley and Margaret Fuller, and of radical minds like those of Brownson, John S. Dwight, and Francis G. Shaw, made it impossible for their ideas, on whatever subject, to be commonplace. Bowen, Huntington, and the

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31 *North American Review*, LXXXV, 530 (October, 1857).

Countess De Bury, in their attitude toward French novels, may be said to represent the orthodox point of view, but even their criticism, in spite of occasional harshness, is never narrow and presents in the light of perspective a certain durable common sense that it is quite as commendable as the extreme liberalness of Brownson and Brook Farm. If Bowen's praise of Paul de Kock and the *Harbinger's* championship of Eugène Sue seem slightly absurd today, there is consolation for the authors in the knowledge that they were not alone in their excessively lenient estimate of those novelists; and their excusable faults of judgment are more than overbalanced by the wit and acumen of Motley's one article on Balzac. The criticism of French novels in Boston magazines has worn well because it was liberal—much more so indeed than that of other sections of the country—to begin with.

SOME ANCESTORS OF THE "EXTENSION COURSE"

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

ONE aspect of the flowering of New England was the development of adult education. Particularly in the southern trio of states—as in the larger towns of New York—it played a role in social and intellectual life perhaps second only to that of the press and pulpit. When the townsmen and farmers of Haverhill, Massachusetts, read in Jeremiah Spofford's *Essex Gazette* of April 19, 1839, this sort of lyceum "ad":

> Doors open in the Evening ¼ before 7, and Lecture commences at ½ past 7. In the afternoon the Lecture will commence at ½ past 3 o'clock.

a substantial number turned out. And if the attendance created no unusual excitement, it was still large enough to assure lecturers of financial as well as intellectual rewards. Besides the lyceums for the rural villagers, there were "associations" and "institutes" for urban clerks and skilled mechanics, and miscellaneous lectures attracting all sorts of people—especially women with time on their hands. Some of these institutions were short-lived, but the ideas they embodied were rooted deeply in social needs. When circumstances were favorable another set sprang up—the later Chautauqua circles and the like.

They provided the only formal education beyond the common school available to most of those who attended. For America of the 1830's had none of the technical advantages familiar to the present-day student—public libraries, subways, telephones, bookmobiles. Yet it did enjoy the blessings of national independence, peace, rapid economic expansion, and

greater political freedom than any preceding or contemporary society knew. A growing army of men and women was anxious to storm the heights of knowledge—for both material advancement and pleasure—but it could not get to that knowledge. The knowledge had to be brought to it, and the device of the traveling lecturer was perhaps the most practicable solution. This very device, moreover, was a guarantee to the economic, political, and cultural leaders of the community that their ideas would reach the audience they desired. There was no comparable certainty about newspapers and magazines, since no one knew how much of their contents was actually read.

The organizations under review varied somewhat in origin and nature. The first to appear were the "mercantile library associations" or "library companies." Founded in the 1820's, they were the spiritual children of the evening schools and technical schools of colonial days, Franklin's academy, and the germinal public library idea stemming from both the secular-minded Franklin and the Anglican missionary, Dr. Thomas Bray. Reading and learning opportunities were available in these libraries—and there alone—to mechanics, artisans, and clerks.[1] During the 1830's, they multiplied and expanded their activities. A consideration of their social character at that time will therefore throw light upon both the institutions, urban and rural, and the culture of which they were a part.

Most of the members of the city organizations were the skilled and white-collar workers, whose patronage was sought—to judge from the courses given: French, Spanish, Bookkeeping, Drawing, Penmanship, Statistics, Geography, Science, History, Morals, and Literature.[2] In some cases it was found difficult to attract apprentices: the materials offered were apparently better suited to master-mechanics.[3] Whether

[1] For the facts, see C. A. Bennett, *History of Manual and Industrial Education up to 1870* (Peoria, Illinois, 1926), 317–319.

[2] *Cf. Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* (New York, 1839–1842), I, 77–78, 460, and 529–535; II, 163 and 167; IV, 168; and VI, 268.

[3] *Boston Mercantile Journal*, April 27, 1837.

this situation was exceptional or general is a matter of conjecture. The nature of the backing, however, is pretty clear. Sometimes, as in the case of a Providence organization, the moving spirits were working mechanics.[4] Clergymen, too, Dr. Channing's *Memoirs* indicate, had a hand in the plans.[5] But more often the foundations were laid by men of wealth. One of the leaders in Boston was Timothy Claxton, formerly a mechanic and now a well-to-do and philanthropic "manufacturer of school and philosophic apparatus." The Franklin Institute in New Haven was established at the expense of "Mr. Abel Brewster," likewise "a wealthy mechanic." [6] The other benefactors were men who had made their money in trade or had simply inherited it. The founder of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, for example, was Edward Tuckerman, a surveyer of wheat and expert on agricultural production and prices generally.[7] A group of civic and religious leaders established the Apprentices' Library in Brooklyn, New York, despite considerable indifference on the part of the local mechanics, who declined to contribute any funds for a building.[8] Henry Barnard was the first president of a Hartford society.[9] Philip Hone, Freeman Hunt, and several other members of New York's business leadership were the "angels" for the Clinton Hall Association.[10] Hunt's famous journal, indeed, frequently published as "original articles" the papers delivered before the Institutes, and otherwise provided useful publicity. Also, it was probably a merchant who in December, 1840, helped start the Young Men's

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4 *Free Enquirer* (New York), March 4, 1829.

5 Edited by W. H. Channing (Boston, 1848), III, 74–77.

6 Timothy Claxton, *Memoir of a Mechanic ... Written By Himself* (Boston, 1839), 5–6; [Theodore Dwight], *Things as They Are: Or, Notes of a Traveller ...* (New York, 1834), 81.

7 *Cf.* C. B. Eliot, "Joseph Tuckerman [son of Edward] ..." Unitarian Historical Society *Proceedings*, IV, Part I (1935), 2.

8 *Cf.* R. F. Weld, *Brooklyn Village* (New York, 1938), 197–198 and 202.

9 *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, I (November, 1839), 461–462.

10 *The New-York Mirror*, January 26, 1828, and March 7, 1829; *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, I (July, 1839), 75–76, and II (February, 1840), 172.

Library in New London, Connecticut, by presenting it with "a complete Encyclopaedia, and entire set of Niles' Register." [11]

The influence of these men was exerted directly as well. The regular courses in the natural sciences, the commercial subjects, and the modern languages, were usually taught by professors from neighboring colleges—for handsome fees. The Boston Mechanics' Institution, for instance, paid twenty-five dollars a lecture, and later, forty dollars in cash for a lecture delivered twice. It attracted a capable staff.[12] The Mercantile Library Association provided special classes at eight dollars per course per student, and paid as much as fifty dollars a lecture to visiting instructors.[13]

Prominent literary figures and men of affairs frequently delivered orations on various phases of "The State of Civilization." [14] For these services the Salem Lyceum was willing to pay "$10 and $20, to ordinary parties" and a maximum of "$100, to Mr. Webster." On at least one occasion the versatile William Dunlap was offered twenty-five dollars for a talk for the New York Mercantile Library Association.[15] The social position of these guest speakers, whose contributions will be considered briefly below,[16] was likewise high. Sixteen are enshrined in *The Dictionary of American Biography*. They include Daniel D. Barnard, lawyer and public servant; Catherine E. Beecher, eldest daughter of the famous Lyman and a builder of female education; Amos Dean, lawyer and teacher; John Duer, lawyer and politician; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Edward Everett, scholar, philosopher, and

11 F. M. Caulkins, *History of New London, Connecticut* (New London, 1895), 663.

12 *Cf.* Claxton, *Memoir of a Mechanic*, 88.

13 *Cf.* George Combe, *Notes on the United States ... 1838–9–40* (Edinburgh, 1841), I, 239.

14 See for instance the references given under Note 2.

15 H. K. Oliver, *Historical Sketch of the Salem Lyceum* (Salem, 1879), 24; *Diary of William Dunlap* (New York, 1930), III, 757.

16 The limited data regarding speakers before the village lyceums are included here, along with those for the city associations.

politician; Benjamin Hale, scientist and college president; Worthington Hooker, physician; Joseph Hopkinson, Federal judge; John K. Mitchell, scientist and teacher; Isaac C. Pray, Jr., author, editor, and actor; Robert Rantoul, Jr., reformer-politician; Gulian C. Verplanck, lawyer and public servant; Amasa Walker, *entrepreneur* extraordinary; Emory Washburn, lawyer; and Francis Wayland, college president and philosopher.

Concerning nine other orators, somewhat less information is available. It is known, though, that four were wealthy men of philanthropic bent: John H. Gourlie, Stephen C. Phillips, John Sergeant, and Daniel A. White. Phillips and White were active figures in the lyceum affairs of Salem and Essex Counties in Massachusetts, respectively; Sergeant participated in a remarkably varied group of enterprises, benevolent and cultural, in Philadelphia. Gourlie moved in the literary and social circles associated with the exclusive Century Club of New York.[17] John O. Choules and Thomas E. Vermilye were ministers, the one connected with Baptist affairs in Rhode Island, the other with the Dutch Reformed Church at Albany.[18] William Bates was a lawyer and teacher, William Fondey a lawyer, and Samuel Young a politician.[19] Regarding the remaining four—James L. Homer, Henry Seaver, George W. Tyler, and Eber Wheaton—no information has yet been found.

This support by the pillars of society—as sponsors or speakers or both—was no accident. A feeling of satisfaction in

17 *Cf.* J. G. Wilson, editor, *The Memorial History of the City of New-York* (New York, 1893), III, 428–429; *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (New York, 1898–1935), XI, 489–490; J. J. McCadden, *Education in Pennsylvania, 1801–1835* (Philadelphia, 1937), *passim* (see "Sergeant, J." in Index); and Osgood and Batchelder, *Historical Sketch of Salem, 1626–1879* (Salem, 1879), 241.

18 *Cf.* S. B. Franklin, compiler, *Historical Sketch of the Second Baptist Church, Newport, Rhode Island* (Newport, 1936), 18; and *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, X, 499–500.

19 *Cf. The Historical Catalogue of Brown University* (Providence, 1934), 114; Union University, *Centennial Catalog* (Troy, 1895), 33; and A. C. Flick, editor, *History of the State of New York* (New York, 1934–1937), VI, 16.

"doing good" and the appeal of an irreproachable method of spending one's surplus cash, doubtless carried much weight. That the enjoyment of these advantages was accompanied by political gains was at least a pleasant coincidence. There is reason to believe that it was a good deal more. The report of a committee set up in 1825 to examine the Boston "youth problem" indicates quite clearly that the motives of Christian benevolence and social control were closely associated.[20] In another community, moreover, "the formation of a society of young people . . . in 1836 . . . had for its purpose, the personal improvement of its members along educational and social lines, and the harmonizing of difficulties between the several sections of the town." The "difficulties" which stimulated in this fashion the organization of the Barrington Mutual Improvement Association had arisen out of the Dorr War and "the events which led up to it, . . . sharp divisions and intense political hatred between neighbors and even the members of the same family." [21]

While these cases may have been extreme, the French traveler Guillaume-Tell Poussin would not have thought them far off center. For he described and judged the institutional type thus:[22]

> Not infrequently, the most eminent men of the country contribute gratuitously towards the advancement of public education, and deliver to the working class lectures on political economy, finance, morals, and literature. The venerable ex-president Adams was in the habit . . .[of] delivering lectures to young mechanics and apprentices on the most important subjects of public education. . . . The progress of civilization through the happy influence of education [is thus] placed within the reach of the masses.

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[20] The formation of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was recommended. See Channing, *Memoir*, III, 74–77.

[21] T. W. Bicknell, *A History of Barrington, Rhode Island* (Providence, 1898), 513.

[22] *The United States* (Philadelphia, 1851), 443–444.

In all these lectures, the principles of a sound democracy invariably form the text of certain general reviews to which the attention of the auditors is carefully directed. Society is thus constantly placed on its guard against the doctrines of demagogues, who might scatter seeds subversive of democratic principles. The auditors are ever reminded of the truth inscribed at the head of the American Constitution, that labor is the common duty of all classes of society, . . . that the nature of the institutions, the character of the laws, and the genius of the government of the American Union . . . annul, in fact, all distinctions of birth or rank. . . . Nothing, certainly, can more effectively contribute to the strength and perpetuity of American institutions than these series of public lectures, which are multiplying with such rapidity.

Much of this activity was going on in connection with the institutions just discussed. But the field was no longer confined to them. In 1826, the farmers and mechanics of Milbury, Massachusetts, launched what is believed to have been the first lyceum. Many such organizations grew out of others differing sometimes in structure and purpose, sometimes in name alone; but "The Lyceum" was born officially on the occasion mentioned. It attained national significance in the next decade, holding its own until 1839.[23] The lyceum was defined in the "Seventh Annual Report" of the national convention as follows:[24]

A literary club of almost any description, a literary association or a society for debate or lectures; and to these objects may be added literary contributors or correspondents, exertions for the popular diffusion of the arts or sciences, the improvement of taste by the embellishment of village scenery, rural architecture, or the promotion of education in schools.

[23] C. B. Hayes's monograph, *The American Lyceum* (Washington, 1932), contains most of the information available in the *Annals of Education* and Barnard's *American Journal of Education*. Since Hayes did not use the material given in local histories, however (*cf. The American Lyceum*, 57 and *passim*), a few additional facts culled therefrom are presented below.

[24] *The American Monthly Magazine*, IX (June, 1837), 629.

An institution close to the soil, the lyceum flourished in winter,[25] and brought together elements from nearly all strata of village society—frequently under the leadership of the upper class. The Buffalo Lyceum was organized by "a number of gentlemen," and "prominent citizens" gave free lectures. A group of ministers started the Middletown, New York, Lyceum.[26] When Caleb Cushing, the well-known politician and diplomat, was invited to address the lyceum in Lexington, Massachusetts, his correspondent stated that "most of the people" there were "agriculturalists and mechanicles" [*sic*][27] The women were kept in a subordinate position, their active participation occasioning surprise—even "blushes."[28]

In some ways the lyceum was like the present-day movie. "Stars" like Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and Caleb Cushing were imported. The papers of the last-mentioned indicate that although he addressed many social and "uplift" gatherings, he received even more invitations than he accepted. Doubtless this would apply in many other instances as well. To meet the expenses thus incurred there were frequently admission charges if not membership fees.[29] And the *Massachusetts Spy*, of Worcester, for April 19, 1837, provides an amusing twist to the comparison in its complaint that youngsters—given half a chance—are likely to grab the best seats long before the *bona fide* customers arrive. On the other hand, whereas the movie is entirely an arm of outside civilization reaching into local pockets and minds, the lyceum was essentially a home-grown product. There were probably many cases in which no "outside talent" was used or desired. The lyceum was a forum for debate—the training camp, no doubt,

[25] See for instance G. K. Clarke, *History of Needham, Massachusetts* (Cambridge, 1912), 607.

[26] H. P. Smith, editor, *History of Buffalo* (Syracuse, 1884), II, 531–532; and F. B. Williams, *Middletown* (Middletown, New York, 1928), 114.

[27] The Cushing Papers are in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress.

[28] Williamson, *History of the City of Belfast, Maine* (Portland, 1877), 321.

[29] See for example G. W. Chase, *The History of Haverhill, Massachusetts* (Haverhill, 1861), II, 501.

for many an aspiring lawyer and politician.[30] In most instances, the speakers seem to have discussed non-political subjects like science, the influence of the Crusades on civilization, or the wearing of mourning apparel.[31] Some lyceums indeed specifically barred factional argument—whether political or religious.[32] But matters so important could not be excluded entirely. Even explosive topics such as slavery found a place in the programs.[33] The speakers were often invited to choose their own subjects. In this wise did Stephen C. Phillips, on September 18, 1834, call upon Caleb Cushing to address the Salem Lyceum. Charmingly offhand, Phillips begs "leave to state that any lecture on a general or particular subject, which it may be convenient for you to deliver will answer our purpose...." Whether or not such freedom of choice was extended to guests of lesser repute is an interesting question, but it cannot be answered here.

Clearly, the lyceums were a great educational force. They did much to advance both the public schools—as Hayes has shown—and the diffusion of knowledge generally. There was also a political side to their activities. That is, the more dominant elements in society employed them as far as possible to maintain and extend their influence over the village population. Often this object was achieved simply by virtue of the fact that the outside "stars" were representatives of those groups and brought prestige to them accordingly. In the circumstances, it was not necessary to use the cruder method of direct appeals for votes. In all probability the latter was not neglected, but it was secondary: there were newspapers and social gatherings of all sorts which lent themselves better to political propaganda.

The city associations, as suggested above, were more directly

30 See likewise F. H. Chase, *Syracuse ... A History* (New York, 1924), I, 106.

31 *Cf.* O. N. Bacon, *A History of Natick* (Boston, 1856), 163.

32 *Cf.* Carpenter and Morehouse, *The History of the Town of Amherst, Massachusetts* (Amherst, 1896), 355.

33 *Cf.* E. T. Fairbanks, *The Town of St. Johnsbury, Vermont. A Review* (St. Johnsbury, 1914), 237.

political in nature. They may have also been more influential, in terms of the objectives of the men of culture and means who sponsored them and shared in their activities. It is known, first of all, that the trades-unions of the period 1834–1837, composed largely of skilled workers, avoided politics.[34] Such "neutrality," there is reason to believe, really served the established party machines controlled by the employers. In the second place, the Panic of 1837 and the subsequent depression smashed the unions. That this outcome contributed to the confusion of 1840, in which the Whigs won their "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" victory, appears to be at least a possibility. It is rather clear, finally, that the great vogue for lectures reached a climax in the years 1838–1841.[35] To what extent, if any, these three developments were causally connected, one cannot say. It is noteworthy, however, that the climax referred to extended beyond the decline of the formal national lyceum movement. Evidently, it was "made" by the city associations and miscellaneous lectures. Why the village lyceum failed to play a similar role is not clear. That some support was forthcoming after 1839 has been asserted by Hayes, but its precise nature and extent has not been established. The same authority, following the official versions given in the *Annals of Education* and Barnard's *Journal*, explains the decline on the ground that the lyceums' principal objective was common-school reform, and that their work in that field had by 1839 been completed.[36] It can be seen, however, from what has been related above and from what is to follow, that a solution in those terms alone is probably inadequate.

One reason for the uncertainty is that first-hand evidence as to what speakers said is almost as scarce as hens' teeth. The

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[34] *Cf.* J. R. Commons and others, *History of Labor in the United States* (New York, 1936), I, Part III, *passim*.

[35] There are some statistics in the *Common School Journal* (Boston), II (May, 1840), 137–139; and in Edward Everett, *A Memoir of Mr. John Lowell* (Boston, 1840), 3. See also Combe, *Notes on the United States*, III, 86; and Poussin, *The United States*, 443–444.

[36] Hayes, *The American Lyceum*, 21–22.

urban movement, to be sure, was a little considerate of posterity and bequeathed enough material so that a partial pattern emerges. In so far as the city mechanics' associations and the lyceums had elements in common, that pattern will shed some light on the latter. That there were elements in common is indicated, for example, by the formation of the Poughkeepsie Lyceum of Natural Science through a merger of the Lyceum and the Mechanics' Society.[37] But for the fifteen-year period under analysis (1827–1842), only thirty-six speeches of both categories, delivered by twenty-nine orators, were available. Broad generalizations are obviously quite impossible. It may nevertheless be of some value to summarize what the incomplete evidence shows.

The speakers at these gatherings were deeply concerned about "politics" and its saturation of the community atmosphere. The denunciations of the evil seem to have been more numerous from 1835 on—during the period of strikes and the climax of the Bank fight; and they were then accompanied by allusions to the spirit of restlessness and change and the "demagogues" who played on it. Although a campaign against "divisions" in society was carried on throughout the period, the principle of majority rule drew unfavorable consideration chiefly during the second half. Nor did the rage for wealth and speculation fare any better—especially after the Panic of May, 1837. Among the lesser evils were ignorance, religious sectarianism, and the influence of the press. Occasionally the voice of democracy was heard, criticizing the class distribution of education, female education, and the use of education and religion for social control by a minority. Some orators even cast doubts on the soundness of capitalist enterprise and economics.

Education was the most popular remedy for these troubles. Morality and the simple virtues were close behind. There were a few who advocated religious education and taxation

[37] *Cf.* the *Daily Albany Argus*, March 14, 1838.

for education; but very little specific agitation for the common schools was offered. Only four lecturers referred directly to lyceums and one to mechanics' institutes. The familiar problem of making education "entertaining" concerned some speakers. Others speculated on the possibilities of constructive contributions from the press. Moreover, the idea that thinking in terms of classes must be erased ran through much of the debate. In three addresses, indeed, attention was drawn to the favorable features peculiar to American society as distinguished from European class society. On the other hand, class lines were considered proper and desirable by at least two of the orators. Two others emphasized the need for "rule by law," and still others called on men of standing to use their talents to lead the public to accept it. In two cases, finally, refuge from these perplexities was sought in a return to the land.[38]

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[38] The complete bibliography of these addresses, and the materials upon which the concluding discussion is based, may be found in the writer's unpublished thesis, "Social Tension and Education in New England and New York, 1827–42" (New York, 1940; typescript copies in the Library of Teachers College, Columbia), to be published as *America's Struggle for Free Schools*. The bibliography will be supplied by the writer on request. The following list simply identifies the speeches:

Daniel D. Barnard, Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, Troy, New York, December 17, 1835; Young Men's Association, Albany, February 28, 1837.

William Bates, Lyceum Association, Wareham, Massachusetts, May 11, 1829.

Catherine E. Beecher, American Lyceum, New York, May 8, 1835.

John O. Choules, American Institute, New York, October, 1841.

Amos Dean, Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, Albany, December 17, 1839.

John Duer, Mercantile Library Association, New York, February 2, 1841.

Ralph W. Emerson, Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, Boston, January 25, 1841; Masonic Temple, Boston, December 2, 1841; Masonic Temple, Boston, December 9, 1841.

Edward Everett, "On the Importance of Scientific Knowledge" . . . ("The substance of addresses delivered by the author, before several institutions for scientific improvement"), 1830's; Lyceum, Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 28, 1830; Lyceum, Charlestown, October, 1830; Franklin Lectures, Boston, November 14, 1831; Mercantile Library Association, Boston, September 13, 1838.

Wm. H. Fondey, Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, Albany, July 4, 1838.

Little can be said by way of conclusion. The scanty evidence suggests the same complex of attitudes prominent in contemporary periodicals and books devoted to politics, philosophy, and religion. They too conducted a persistent attack on "politics"—by which they meant usually Jacksonian Democracy. They too essayed at once the defense of the social order and protests against the vulgar materialism that permeated it. If there is any striking difference, it is probably the lack of stress here on religion—no tears for "Divine law," no wails about Popery or sectarianism. The appeal to morality and the simple virtues was more often employed, and bore a secular stamp. That the speakers, although associated on the whole with the intellectual and professional circles whence came the periodicals and books mentioned above, were rarely ministers may have something to do with it. Possibly also, the villagers and urban mechanics and clerks had all they wanted of religion in

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John H. Gourlie, Mercantile Library Association, New York, January 8, 1839.

Benjamin Hale, Young Men's Association, Geneva, New York, November 8, 1837; Young Men's Association, Waterloo, New York, February 2, 1838.

James L. Homer, Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, October 6, 1836.

Worthington Hooker, Lyceum and Mechanics' Institute, Norwich, Connecticut, July 5, 1830.

Joseph Hopkinson, New York and Philadelphia Mercantile Library Associations, 1839.

J. K. Mitchell, Franklin Institute, Boston, 1834.

Stephen C. Phillips, Franklin Lectures, Boston, October 29, 1832.

Isaac C. Pray, Jr., Mercantile Library Association, Boston, March 20, 1837.

Robert Rantoul, Jr., Mechanics Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts; July 4, 1833.

Henry Seaver, Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, Boston, July 4, 1835.

John Sergeant, Philadelphia and New York Mercantile Library Associations, 1840.

George W. Tyler, Mercantile Library Association, Boston, March 11, 1836.

Thomas E. Vermilye, Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, Albany, December 19, 1837.

Gulian C. Verplanck, Mechanics' Institute, New York, November 27, 1833.

Amasa Walker, Young Men of Boston, July 4, 1833.

Emory Washburn, Lyceum, Worcester, March 30, 1831.

Francis Wayland, Athenaeum, Providence, July 11, 1838.

Eber Wheaton, New York Civic Societies, July 4, 1828.

Daniel A. White, Essex County Lyceum, Ipswich, May 5, 1830.

Samuel Young, Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, Albany, January 24, 1837.

church on Sunday. This inference is suggested, further, by the almost total absence of religious matter from the columns of the farm journals. They too accented, rather, the traditional strains of simplicity, dignity, hard work, and frugality.

This difference was marked in another quarter as well—the magazines and speeches of the educational reformers. Like the lyceum and mechanics' institute addresses, they had a strong secular flavor. Nor was that the only point of similarity. Ideas favorable to the common man were expressed on occasion, the product, at least in part, of the fact that the speaker was appealing not only to persons in his own social position but also to the general population. There were, nevertheless, important distinctions between the two bodies of thought. The educators offered the common schools as the principal solution to contemporary social problems and were compelled by the very nature of their objective to denounce child labor. Those who addressed the adult education audience apparently felt no need to refer to either subject, devoting themselves instead to the promotion of "education" in general.

In these ancestors of the "extension course" and other present-day modes of adult education, certain features have been observed: a market for education, benefits both cultural and commercial from serving it, and attempts to exploit it politically. These characteristics suggest that within the flowering of New England lay not only the coincidence of ideas and interests that made the adult education movement possible, but seeds of potential conflict as well—conflict between the desires and purposes of the knowledge-seekers and the desires and purposes of the knowledge-purveyors. To establish the presence of such seeds, and to judge their contribution to later events, we shall have to wait for further research among materials so far merely sampled.

BENJAMIN SHILLABER AND HIS "CARPET BAG"

CYRIL CLEMENS

BENJAMIN PENHALLOW SHILLABER symbolizes the good-natured, easy-going opulent humor of the United States in the fifties. He also serves as an important connecting link between the older group of humorists before the Civil War and the younger ones who succeeded them.

Shillaber was born July 12, 1814, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the son of William and Sarah Shillaber. His grandfather, Joseph Shillaber, had carried a musket through the American Revolution. The boy learned to read at a very early age and lost himself in *Robinson Crusoe, Sanford and Merton,* Watts's *Divine Hymns,* and the *Shorter Catechism,* which taught him that "The chief end of man is to glorify God, and enjoy Him forever."

At the age of fifteen, Shillaber graduated from the Austen Pasture School, and since his parents felt that they could not afford to send him to college, he found a job as printer's apprentice on the *New Hampshire Palladium,* at Dover. Within a surprisingly short time he learned to run the job-press, to the tune of Bob Burns's and Tom Moore's songs, which his mother had taught him, without missing a stroke. When the *Palladium* failed, Shillaber worked for a while on the *Portsmouth Courier.* In May, 1833, he went to Boston, where he found work as a book compositor for Tuttle and Weeks, printers of the "Peter Parley" tales of Samuel G. Goodrich, Thomas G. Fessenden's *New England Farmer,* and the magazines of Lydia Maria Child. Of all the things he handled, Shillaber was proudest of printing Whittier's "The Slave Ships" for Mrs. Child's *Anti-Slavery Annual.*[1]

[1] Letter from Shillaber to Josh Billings, dated July 10, 1866. Cyril Clemens's *Josh Billings, Yankee Humorist* (Webster Groves, Missouri, 1932) describes the friendship of the two humorists.

Ill health caused him to interrupt his work in Boston during two years spent in Georgetown, British Guiana. After his return he married, on August 15, 1838, a Boston girl named Ann Tappan de Rochemont, a step "preluding a life of forty-five years of unalloyed conjugal happiness." He now obtained a job on the Boston *Post*, where he remained intermittently for the next twenty years. In 1851 he founded his *Carpet Bag*, of which more later. In 1854 appeared Shillaber's masterpiece, *The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*. The lively introduction states with refreshing and disarming frankness—most unusual for the times—that the chief reason for publishing the book was the author's hope to make some money, being "not so squeamish or pretending as to talk of public good, and public amusement, as his leading motives." In Mrs. Partington, Shillaber achieved one of the most vividly drawn characters in American humor; and the book can well be described as a best-seller of that period, for twenty thousand copies were ordered before publication.

With the proceeds from the book, Shillaber purchased a pleasant home on William Street in suburban Chelsea, where he lived for the remainder of his life. In 1853 he published his first volume of verse, *Rhymes with Reason and Without*, of which George W. Bungay, a Boston critic, said, "Mr. Shillaber is a true poet, and were he to write less and commune with Nature more, he would soon rank in the first class of American poets." [2] What with his newspaper work, humor, and verse-writing, interrupted by a certain amount of lecturing, the years passed very rapidly. On November 25, 1890, he died of diabetes complicated with heart trouble, at the ripe age of seventy-six.

Since his passing fifty-odd years ago, Shillaber has been unduly neglected. "He is well worth resurrecting," writes George Ade,[3] "because all of us who have memories recall the verbal atrocities of Mrs. Partington. She was the Lucrezia

[2] *Off-Hand Takings* (New York, 1854), 394.
[3] Letter to the author, April 10, 1940.

Borgia of parlor conversation, and a sister under the skin of Mrs. Malaprop. For many years she was more quoted than Shakespeare."

For several years during his employment on the *Post,* Shillaber had dreamed of establishing a magazine of his own which should be more original in its content than most of its contemporaries. At that time American editors, disregarding rich native material, copied right and left from British papers, of course without any sort of compensation. *Godey's Lady's Book,* founded at Philadelphia in 1830, was, under the capable editorship of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a leader in encouraging native contributions; while the *Spirit of the Times* (1831–1861), at New York, specialized to a considerable extent in humorous material, much of it dealing with the Southwest. Thus far, Boston had not had a successful humorous periodical.

By the early spring, Shillaber had induced two able young literary associates to join him in the launching and editing of the new magazine. These were Charles G. Halpine and John T. Trowbridge. The three signed a document whereby Shillaber was to have a half share in the ownership and each of the others a quarter share, and the profits and losses were to be divided proportionately. In addition, it was agreed that Shillaber should receive—when the income warranted—a salary of five hundred dollars a year.

After the usual long discussions and voluminous correspondence, the initial number of the *Carpet Bag* made its appearance on March 29, 1851. It was to be a purely humorous paper—something new for Massachusetts' staid capital! Modeled somewhat on the famous London *Punch,* it resembled its English contemporary in form and general make-up. Many of the *Carpet Bag's* well-planned features were later to be copied by Frank J. Thompson when he started his comic weekly, *Vanity Fair,* at the end of 1859. The sheet was a small quarto, with bordered edges, the first page representing a carpet-bag, with a highly ornamented head occupying the

space devoted to the back and handle of such conveniences. "Altogether a very handsome affair," wrote Editor Shillaber. "At least we were very proud of it and with a goodly amount of contributions and a brilliant prospectus, it was launched hopefully with some assurance of success." [4]

Shillaber's chief editorial helper was Halpine, later assistant editor of the New York *Times* and author of the "Private Miles O'Reilly" sketches written during his service with the Union army in the South. He was a brilliant, versatile Irishman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and son of the editor of the Dublin *Evening Mail*. He came to Boston soon after leaving college, worked on the *Post* and the *Carpet Bag*, and went on to New York. In his sketch "Miles O'Reilly at the White House," he gives a humorous description of himself, as "a brawny, large-boned, rather good-looking young Irishman, with curly reddish hair, grey eyes, one of which has a blemish upon it, high cheek bones, a cocked nose, square lower jaws, and the usual strong type of Irish forehead—the whole countenance beams with a candor and unreserve equal to that of a mealy potato which has burst its skin or jacket by too rapid boiling." [5]

The third important man on the staff was James T. Trowbridge, who often employed the pseudonym "Paul Crayton." His stories, full of charm and gayety, gave tone to the paper and forecast the distinguished success he afterwards attained in broader fields as poet, novelist, and juvenile writer. The friendship between Shillaber and Trowbridge started about 1850 and lasted until the humorist's death—notwithstanding a difference in their political opinions, "a divergence that became very wide, indeed," wrote Trowbridge, "when men of the North had to choose between a Union dominated by slavery and resistance to that domination. Even at the time of Lincoln's second election there was a modicum of truth

[4] Letter from Shillaber to Josh Billings, dated March 7, 1856.

[5] *The Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly* (New York, 1864), 155–156.

in what I said to him jocularly, that I believed he would vote for Jeff Davis if Davis had the regular Democratic nomination, indorsed by the Boston *Post!*"

Trowbridge vividly recalls the happy evenings he spent with Halpine and Shillaber, sauntering up and down the slopes of the Common, or seated on a wooden bench by the attractive fountain, reciting to one another passages from their favorite poets. Trowbridge introduced his companions to the *Lays of Ancient Rome,* delivering it in a measured, solemn chant that lapped the others in the elysium of a new sensation. Poe's "The Sleeper" and Mrs. Browning's "Vision of the Poets" were also recited and keenly enjoyed. Shillaber worked very hard as editor and came to understand his staff so well that there was hardly any difference of opinion among them. The right kind of contributors made their appearance, and the editor's judgment was rarely at fault. Early numbers of the *Carpet Bag* contained a hitherto unpublished poem attributed to Samuel Taylor Coleridge (who had died in 1834) called "The Poet's Courtship," and an article, "May Not Women Propose?," which made this reference to the popular poet-journalist, Nathaniel Parker Willis:

> Willis is breaking ground in the *Home Journal* in favor of the propriety of women proposing, and he says that he cannot conceive why a Queen is the only woman who can propose under the present arbitrary regulation of Society.

Although the editors naturally concentrated on humor, practical advice wasn't lacking, as in the dictum, "Think a minute before you speak and a day before you promise. Hasty promises give occasion for speedy repentance." For the reader of the fifties, conundrums like the following took the place of the modern cross-word puzzles:

> Why is a man who has just carried his carpet-bag on shore from a steamboat like the owner of soil?
>
> Because he is possessed of landed property.

A poet with the suggestive name of Joe King was represented by frequent obituary verses. One of them was an "Epitaph on a Fat Man":

> Old Baggs at length all earthly bonds has burst,
> And drained the bitter wormwood from life's cup.
> Grieve not for him—he's safe in Heaven, we trust—
> But mourn the angels' toils who lugged him up.

The journal had a sly little way of working in a puff for itself while presenting the "news":

> A carpet-bag belonging to Anson Burlingame was stolen from the depot in North Bridgewater and was afterward found in the woods rifled of its contents. The *Gazette* of that town says there wasn't much in it. In that respect Mr. Burlingame's Carpet-Bag is thought to differ from ours!

Since the first printing of three thousand copies was given away, it hardly constituted a fair test of popularity. Within a few weeks, however, Shillaber became reluctantly convinced that the extent of Boston's appetite for mirth was four hundred sold copies. But he had three thousand copies run off for every subsequent issue, believing that to cut down the number would be a confession of defeat and so have a bad effect upon the morale of his staff! The pile of unused copies grew so rapidly that before long the harassed editor sat between two mountains of *Carpet Bags,* as high as the ceiling—looking as grimly upon this wreck of desolated hopes as the old Greek Caius Marius upon the ruins of Carthage!

The original plan to make the magazine an illustrated sheet was partly carried out, and although the cuts did not come up to the point contemplated in numbers, they proved timely hits, done in a style creditable to the engraver's art by the best Boston artists, Hammatt Billings, G. R. Rowse, and D. C. Johnston.

A feature which was realized in retrospect as harmful to

the periodical was indulgence in political satire during the 1852 presidential contest between Generals Scott and Pierce, at which—as often happens—the adherents of both sides took offense. With mock seriousness reminiscent of Major Jack Downing, the *Carpet Bag* offered as its candidate one Ensign Jehiel Stebbings of Spunkville, a hero of the Aroostook War, who had been wounded during that bloodless conflict between Maine and New Brunswick by falling across the tongue of a commissary wagon!

Trowbridge's *My Own Story* devotes some chapters to the *Carpet Bag* and describes how he wrote for the journal, not because it offered contributors any attractive pecuniary advantages, but because it was staffed by men whom he very highly esteemed. Especially did he admire Shillaber, whom he describes as having "a large, genial nature, something like Walt Whitman's but without Whitman's courage and immense personal force—his physical proportions, his wit and humor and amiable social qualities, made him for many years a notable figure in Boston; and it can be said of him more than of anybody within my acquaintanceship that Shillaber never made an enemy." [6]

The Boston critic George W. Bungay called one day at the *Carpet Bag* office and found the editor

> a man in the prime of life, stout, hale, hearty, considerably above the common stature, with a plain, frank face, a full breast, an honest heart, and a head clear as crystal. He has dark hair, is of the bilious-nervous temperament, dresses in a careless manner. Since he has become an editor, however, the hole in his coat elbow has disappeared.
>
> Should the reader meet him in the street, he would take him for an unsophisticated backwoodsman, and not an editor of an influential journal. He is as genial as the sunshine, and generous to a fault—sensitive, gallant, courteous, and urbane.[7]

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[6] *My Own Story* (Boston, 1903), 179–182, deals with Shillaber.
[7] *Off-Hand Takings*, 372.

The editor became the subject of numerous anecdotes told in Boston drawing-rooms. On one occasion he is said to have asked a joke-purveyor,

"You say that this joke is quite original?"

"Oh, yes, quite."

"That's strange," was Shillaber's reply. "You don't look more than thirty!" [8]

The office boy was said to have told the editor, "A man called when you were out, sir, and said he'd come to shoot you."

"Oh, indeed, and what did you say?"

"I said I was sorry you weren't in, sir."

A very young spring poet was said to have sent some verses to Shillaber, entitled, "Why do I live?" In returning the manuscript the editor wrote,

"You live just because you happened to send your effusion by mail, instead of bringing it yourself!"

The *Carpet Bag* had a rival journal called *The Waverly Magazine,* which made much ado over a serial, each chapter being written by a different author. Shillaber promptly arranged an amusing take-off in a long poem entitled "Jethro Bornbeam," the stanzas being alternately penned by himself, Halpine, and John Godfrey Saxe, the poet-humorist. The *Waverly* editor, in a weak attempt to "get even," declared that once when Shillaber was asked to give the principal parts of the verb "become," the best he could manage was "Become, bewent, begone!" [9]

On the whole, however, the *Carpet Bag* did its best to avoid antagonizing anyone, except by an occasional touch that brought no blood and inflicted at most a momentary

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[8] This and the two succeeding anecdotes were told the author by the late Judge Robert Grant of Boston.

[9] *The Waverly Magazine* (Hartford), July, 1851, page 10.

smart just sufficient to attract attention—the purpose being purely jovial. Yet good-natured though it was, the journal failed to awaken much local enthusiasm: there was a lurking feeling of suspicion and a rather silly apprehension on the part of Bostonians "lest levity usurp the place of more staid journalistic customs," to use the phraseology of one critic whom Shillaber himself quotes.[10]

Although Boston, it cannot be denied, was somewhat patronizing towards the *Carpet Bag*, the new periodical was well received throughout the country—more especially in the cities and towns of the Mississippi Valley. Besides having wholesale agents in Cincinnati, Louisville, and Chicago, it was distributed in Saint Louis by the R. E. Cheny Company.[11] Small-town papers joyfully accepted it, filling extra space with quotations which they sometimes credited, but more often didn't. Examination of old files of the Hannibal, Missouri, *Journal* by the writer shows that between March fourth and June third, 1852, the editor, Orion Clemens, older brother of Mark Twain, quoted articles from the *Carpet Bag* more than a dozen times.

Needless to say, the weekly had the unqualified support of Boston's relatively insignificant Bohemia, and drew contributions from Walt Whitman's Pfaff's restaurant, where congregated the New York Bohemians. It received articles and stories from far afield, many Southerners sending in their descriptions of native scenes. From California came inimitably comic sketches by one Captain Horatio Derby, known to the reading public under the colorful pen-name of "John Phoenix."

The new venture was appreciated even across the ocean, for we find no less a person than Thomas Carlyle writing James A. Froude under date of June 25, 1852, "Recently someone sent me a little New England publication called the

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10 In "Experiences Through Many Years," *New England Magazine*, x, 36.
11 St. Louis *Globe*, May 19, 1852.

Carpet Bag. Of a serio-comic nature it is quite tolerably edited and well worth the perusing."

In July, 1852, eighteen-year-old Charles Farrar Browne reached Boston. It happened that his uncle, Calvin Farrar, desiring to issue a booklet advertising his water-cure at Waterford, Maine, took the lad along to Boston, and carried his copy and his nephew to the printing office of Messrs. George H. Snow and Samuel W. Wilder, publishers of the *Carpet Bag*. The visit resulted in a job for "Charley," as he was called in the shop, and there he remained three years, setting rhymes done by Shillaber, Halpine, and Saxe. Their copy stirred him to emulation and inspired his first real contribution to a publication of standing, an account of a Fourth of July celebration at Waterford long before, which survived in village tradition. This he slipped anonymously into Shillaber's mail. Promptly accepted—Shillaber knew how to "spot" good humor—it duly appeared under the name of "Lieutenant Chubb," for the exhibitor of Moral Waxworks, "Artemus Ward," was not invented until 1858. The fledgling author celebrated his breaking into print by going to the theater on the evening of the day that the article appeared.

"Had a good time of it," he declared afterwards, "and I thought I was the greatest man in Boston." The contribution appears in *Artemus Ward: His Book*, under the title, "The Surrender of Cornwallis." Shillaber found Browne the gawkiest, greenest-looking young fellow he had ever set eyes on. His clothes didn't fit, and his tallow-colored hair, pallid features, and big nose certainly combined to make his personality unprepossessing. However, he soon became a popular person around the printing office.

Without doubt Browne set type for the issue of May first, 1852—one of the most interesting numbers of the *Carpet Bag*. An unsigned article by John Phoenix, entitled "The New Uniform," led the list. Southern humor was represented in a typical sketch by Colonel Tuggs, called "The Maine Law Out West," whose forceful attack on prohibition enforcers

reminds us of the days of the "noble experiment." Shillaber himself, writing under the name of "Snooks," pretended to be reporting "the great speech of Mr. Batkins of Cranberry Center, concerning the unconstitutionality of doughnuts," made further amusing to the readers of the day by such quaint spellings as "deown," "neow," "passel," and "catawampously." The celebrated adventuress, Lola Montez, born Eliza Gilbert, was defended in a piece of doggerel; and the readers were delighted by a noble poem entitled "The Old Image Breaker." Professor Wideswarth, Shillaber's character, contributed another poem, and Ruth Partington's boy Ike behaved atrociously at school. There were an extensive account of Kossuth's recent visit to Mount Vernon and humorous skits by Fred Freequill and one E. Goethe.

Among all these was a sketch, "The Dandy Frightening the Squatter," [12] by someone who signed himself simply "S.L.C."—totally unknown to the rest of his fellow contributors. Although this article was in no way featured, yet by publishing it the magazine was making literary history, for it was the earliest printed article by Samuel Langhorne Clemens—outside the Hannibal family newspaper—that has been discovered. The manner and method is that of Addison and Steele but the subject-matter is thoroughly western-frontier. The plot of this short-short story, as we would call it today, is extremely simple.

A steamboat stops at the Hannibal wharf and "a spruce young dandy, with a killing moustache," notices a "tall, brawny woodsman" leaning against a tree. Desiring to amuse the passengers, the dandy thrusts a bowie knife into his belt, takes a horsepistol in each hand, and walks ashore to tease the squatter. "Found you at last, have I? You are the very man I've been looking for these three weeks! Say your prayers!" he shouts, cocking his pistols. "You'll make a capital barn door, and I'll drill the keyhole myself."

[12] The sketch is reproduced in F. J. Meine's *Tall Tales of the Southwest* (New York, 1930), 447–448.

The powerful squatter studies the boaster for a few moments, and then with one mighty blow knocks him into the river. When the defeated man crawls out of the muddy water, the victor despoils him of his knife and pistols. As the dandy sneaks off like a dog with its tail between its legs, the squatter taunts, "I say, yeou, next time yeou come aroun' drillin' keyholes, don't forget your ol' acquaintance."

It is noteworthy that Sam Clemens's first literary effort should have been a humorous sketch contributed to a humorous paper. Typical of the newspaper humor of the South and Southwest, it may have constituted the first vigorous realism to appear in New England. Clemens had often seen just such little stories in the numerous weeklies that reached the exchange desk of the Hannibal papers for which he worked. Its genre was the spontaneously robust expression of the frontier.

A list of the principal contributors to the *Carpet Bag* discloses more than one name that has completely dropped out of sight. Besides the editor himself and Halpine and Trowbridge, there were John C. Moore, whose specialty was describing amateur Shakespearean productions; Reverend Tobias H. Miller, "Uncle Toby," humorous and philosophical; Charles G. Eastman, "Guess Who," the Vermont poet, brilliant, funny, and pathetic; J. Q. A. Griffith, whose popular "Bumpus Reports, Hilary Term," contained much unctuous humor denoting the legal mind: "M. Quad" whose early *Carpet Bag* efforts displayed that charming humor later to make him such a celebrity; Charles F. Browne, "Artemus Ward," whose few pieces gave unmistakable indications of the genius pluming itself for flight; Joseph W. Story, "John Fisher," printer and humorist; Matthew F. Whittier, "Ethan Spike," brother of the poet and considered by many contemporaries the more gifted of the two; Joseph W. Paine, "Peregrine," of wide versatility, subsequently a major in the Civil War. Of the women writers, several would become well known in their day, especially Elizabeth Akers Allen and Mrs. Louise Chand-

ler Moulton, who both produced verse of rather uneven quality.

Besides contributing under his own name and that of such characters as Professors Wideswarth and Mr. Blifins, Shillaber wrote much beneath the ample mobcap of Mrs. Partington. How her name and character originated is explained in a letter written years later to Edward Bok, who from browsing through old copies of the *Carpet Bag* received some suggestions for his *Ladies' Home Journal*.[13]

Boston, October 3, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. BOK:

The beginning of the Partington paragraphs was something like the loss of Silas Wegg's leg, "in an accident." There was no intention or premeditation in the matter, and the result was a great surprise to me. It was at a time when steamers twice a month brought news from Europe, and one arrival brought the intelligence that breadstuffs had advanced in price. This was the occasion for a three line paragraph, which, I think, I set up without writing, stating that Mrs. Partington said that "it made no difference to her whether the price of flour increased or not, as she always had to pay just so much for half a dollar's worth." The name was not chosen, but it came with a sudden memory of Sydney Smith's dame who mopped back the Atlantic when it overflowed into her cottage at Sidmouth. I had no intention of aught beyond the moment. Flattered by the success of this virgin effort, which was copied everywhere, I tried it again, with like success and what was begun in a sportive moment became a sort of *point d'appui* for many things latent in my inkstand, until the little one became a thousand. I was surprised to find that Mrs. Partington was a *bona fide* name, and I regretted that under the circumstances I had not taken another, but it had grown into public favor, and could not be changed without being abandoned altogether, and therefore was continued until the offense became mountainous. I justified it to myself by laying the original blame on Sydney Smith, to whose assumption I had merely given "a

[13] Letter from Edward Bok to the writer, July 10, 1924.

local habitation and a name" on this side of the water. His character, however, said nothing; mine was garrulous and that is all the story.

Yours sincerely,

B. P. SHILLABER

As might be expected, Mrs. Partington describes the founding of the *Carpet Bag* in her own inimitable fashion. One evening while she was sipping her tea, there was a double rap at the door. Opening it, she found standing on the threshold a funny-looking fellow who, before she could speak, thrust a bulging black leather bag inside and hastily made his departure. The old lady greatly marvelled at the contents of the bag:

> There were books and papers of various hue
> Ancient writings and writings new,
> And fancies to please all sorts of folks,
> With unique crochets and items quaint . . .

This turned out to the *Carpet Bag*. In the initial number Shillaber published the following tribute from Mrs. Partington:

> Our enterprise is smiled on approvingly by Mrs. Partington. It is a suggestion of hers, the result of one of those far-reaching visions that penetrate beyond the ken of earthly spectacles; and having the benign patronage of the venerable dame, we feel a confidence that a knowledge of our own humble powers would not justify. We are assured of her active favor, and that if she has anything to say, the *Carpet Bag* shall be the medium through which she will say it.

Almost a whole page in each of the first eight issues is taken up with the sayings of Mrs. Partington, and she is liberally represented in the subsequent ones. Her comments keenly amused the America of her day. Even at this distance of time, the old lady, with her mischievous nephew and her

intimates, such as Mr. Blifins and Professor Wideswarth, furnishes amusing reading. Her literary antecedents include Charles Dickens and Joseph C. Neale, who published in his *Charcoal Sketches* (1838) a veritable storehouse of humorous characterization. She was also in the lineage of the moralizing Yankee later appearing in Oliver Wendell Holmes's Autocrat.

If a humorist of the fifties wished to obtain a large following, it was necessary to bait his hook with something homely, familiar, and attractive that sounded like Saturday night story-telling; and even more essential, the humorist himself had to be a little gun-shy of learning. Speaking through Mrs. Partington, Shillaber possessed the combination of a shrewd human philosophy as broad as human nature, with a fundamental distrust of everything not made in America.

When we see before us that tall, spare lady with wide-opened eyes further strengthened by her square-cut steel glasses, her aquiline nose and straight-cut mouth, her bombazine dress, her solid gold marriage ring, crowned completely with her chaste mobcap, we delight in everything she says, because we have the background necessary for her complete appreciation. She is one of the glorious characters of American humor, who some day may come into her own. She tells us more about the times in which she lived than most historians.

The following brief selection will show why Shillaber's character has often been called the American Mrs. Malaprop:

"What is your opinion of the humor of Hawthorne, Mrs. Partington?" asked a young neighbor who had been reading *Twice Told Tales.*

"I don't know," said she, looking at him earnestly, "but if you have got it, you'd better take something to keep it from striking in. Syrup of buckthorne is good for all sorts of diseases of that kind. I don't know about the humor of Hawthorne, but I guess the buckthorne will be beneficious. We eat too much butter, and butter is very fattening."

"A regular Yankee institution is Mrs. Partington," declared the New York *Tribune* enthusiastically,[14] "and well deserves the compliment of a book devoted to her sayings and doings. She is here brought before the public, which is so far greatly indebted to her unique vocabulary for exhaustless stores of fun, in a style worthy of her distinguished character."

"In mirthmakers, fools, and clowns, there is a deep wisdom," writes Edgar Lee Masters,[15]

> As clowns they have done the same acrobatic tricks as the accomplished performers, and done them better, or come out of them with ridiculous twists and gestures, evolving into a successful feat from what appeared to be impossible awkwardness. As humorists making humor their sole and distinctive study, they have clowned the play of life, they have said the wisest things in terms of paradox and anti-climax and by bulls as when Shillaber has Mrs. Partington say,
>
> "We shall all come to an end some day, even though we don't live to see it!"

"That teapot was my grandmother's afore she was married," remarked Mrs. Partington one day. "I remember it just as well as if it was yesterday."

"Remember when your grandmother was married?" queried nephew Ike, who always acted as a foil for the old lady's humor.

"No, no, the teapot," responded she, "and it was a perfect beauty, with the Garden of Eden upon it, so natural that you might almost smell their fragrance. . . . My grandfather gave it to her as a *memento mori* of his undying affection."

"As regards these electrical matters," said she just before the election—she lived on Main Street and the cheering and noise of parties passing her door kept her awake o'nights,

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[14] December 20, 1854.

[15] Letter from Edgar Lee Masters to the writer, dated March 6, 1938, printed in the *Mark Twain Quarterly*, Volume IV, Number 2.

I don't see the use of making so much fuss about it. Why don't they take some one and give them their suffering, if he hasn't got any of his own, and let him be governor till he dies, just as they do the judges, and afterwards, too, as they sometimes do them, for they might as well be dead, a good many of 'em. Oh, this confusion of noise and hubbub! And then what critters they all be, to be sure! Their newspapers are brim full of good resolutions, but ne'er a one of 'em did I know 'em to keep. They are always resolving, like the showman's resolving views, and one resolution fades away jest as quick as another comes.

It is easy to imagine the good woman saying the same thing about Hitler as she did about Napoleon Third.

"When will the world get rid of this Apollyon Bonypart?" said Mrs. Partington, as Ike threw down the paper in which he had read a comparison between the *18th Brumaire* and the *coup d'état*. In the uncertain glimmerings of her memory, she confounded the nephew and uncle, and her thought took the course the dim reminiscence pointed.

Apollyon Bonypart! I remember all about him and his eighteenth blue mare, too. I always wondered where he got so many of them, something like the woolly horse, I guess, and when he was transplanted to Saint Domingo, Isaac, folks went up to the King's Chapel to sing a tedium about it, because they were glad about it. And now he has come back again with all his blue mares with him.

"Housewives who occasionally get belated about their dinner, should have the book lying around," suggested the New Hampshire *Telegraph*.[16] "It will help prevent a deal of grumbling from their 'lords' by keeping them so well employed as to make them forget their dinner!"

Mild as she was, or rather because of her very mildness, Mrs. Partington exerted no little influence, judging from a passage in the *Carpet Bag* for March 29, 1851.

[16] December 15, 1854.

A kind lady informed us—she had swept the floor and put everything in trim—when going out for a moment or two, she found on her return that her boy of two years, had strewn the room with ashes. Her first impulse was to cry, and temper coming to her aid she began to scold, but at that minute the idea of Mrs. Partington crossed her mind, standing calmly amid the ruins of her broken crockery without a shade of anger on her venerable brow, as she spoke to Isaac, the cause of the trouble—. She wept no more; the temper which for a moment had threatened an outbreak had subsided; the ashes were swept up gently and the sweet spirit of peace ruled the hour. We feel more proud of the above compliment than of all the others we have received.

When Mrs. Partington was supposedly asked by Shillaber to write her autobiography for the Press she replied: "I have come to say about that writing matter, that it will do just as well if you write it for me. Generally, I s'pose, a naughty biography is better if it is writ by one's self, but I can trust you to do me justice." This was done in the *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*—a task that was greatly enjoyed by Shillaber, as is indicated on page forty-five of the volume:

What a privilege! Macaulay wrote somewhere that Boswell was the only true biographer that ever wrote. "By the star that is now before us," we ejaculated, looking at Mrs. Partington, "he shall yet confess that another has been found, and Bozzy's glories be shared with us."

Mrs. Partington's popularity is further attested by the fact that until the end of his life Shillaber received letters addressed to her by admirers who thought she was a real person.

But all the while the editorial department was meeting with such brilliant success, the business manager was reporting a steady and ominous deficit! During the summer of 1853, the *Carpet Bag* was obliged to suspend rather abruptly, since its financial condition became worse and worse, and no "angel" appeared to assist the strictly and rapidly dwindling means of editor and friends. Yet it had made literary history

by publishing the early work of Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, John Godfrey Saxe, and John Phoenix, not to speak of considerable material by Shillaber himself.

In the failure of the magazine on which such hope had been placed, the editor showed himself a true philosopher.

> The experiment of its publication demonstrated the fact that there was no room in Boston for an exclusively humorous paper, but we had lots of fun among ourselves while it lasted, fully satisfied that we were not to blame for its ill success financially and transferring the blame to an unappreciative public, which by some strange fatuity, will rarely purchase what it does not want.

After winding up the affairs of the defunct journal and resting awhile from his Herculean labors in trying to keep it alive, Shillaber returned to the Boston *Post* in January, 1854—a step taken at the very earnest solicitation of the editor, his old friend, Colonel Greene. Not wishing to be bothered with directing others—he had had enough of that in running the *Carpet Bag!*—Shillaber accepted a position best described as a sort of glorified reporter. Whenever the *Post* needed a humorous story or poem or the accurate covering of some special event, he was on hand to do the job, to the complete satisfaction of all.

In July, 1854, Shillaber received from Artemus Ward, evidently unaware of the *Carpet Bag's* termination, a wholly delightful contribution containing a unique description of Boston:[17]

> Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortable cities on the globe. Unlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to have bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession. And its about the only city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from risin' of the Sun to the goin' down thereof. Therefore I say, loud and continnerd applaus for Boston!

[17] Original letter in the author's possession.

HENRY ADAMS'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

JAMES STONE

"THOSE of us who read . . .the Origin of Species," wrote Henry Adams in 1894 to the American Historical Association, "and felt the violent impulse which Darwin gave to the study of natural laws, never doubted that historians would follow until they had exhausted every possible hypothesis to create a science of history. Year after year has passed, and little progress has been made." [1]

In that year, William Graham Sumner looked up from his scientific study of society to rebuke Edward Bellamy for having created in *Looking Backward* (1888) an ideal scientific society in the future which, according to Sumner, violated the known and inevitable laws of economic and social dynamics.[2] Four years earlier, Andrew D. White was loading a book with the literary bombs he had been dropping from the height of science on religion.[3] And two years after that William James had presented a scientist's faith in his *The Will to Believe.*

The sciences had risen spectacularly in the nineteenth century; an unprecedented accumulation of knowledge challenged philosophers to include within their systems the results of progress in biology, physics, geology, and the new disciplines of sociology and psychology. Religion tended to be eclipsed by her then more brilliant sister, science, and men came to assume that scientific knowledge could tell society not only how to go about conquering Nature, but what Nature really was. Theories of evolution, radio-activity, and

[1] "The Tendency of History," included in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma,* edited by Brooks Adams (New York, 1919), 126.

[2] William G. Sumner, "The Absurd Effort to Make the World Over," *The Forum,* XVII, 92–102 (1894); see also in this issue of the *New England Quarterly,* Richard Hofstadter, "William Graham Sumner: Social Darwinist," 457–477.

[3] Andrew D. White, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* (New York, 1896).

conditioned reflexes in science were matched by pragmatism and scientific naturalism in philosophy.

The leaders of the movement, such as William James, Sumner, and Henry Adams—like Comte and Spencer before them—came under the influence of the scientific force not as spectators but as practical men of intellectual affairs. Adams approached the new patterns of thought as a historian, and his progress down the scientific road to its logical conclusions was made in the course of evaluating and re-evaluating contemporary theories of history.

When he began to teach medieval history at Harvard in 1871, Adams, though protesting that he was a novice, had already acquired—probably directly from Germany, where he had studied, or simply by absorbing the new historical atmosphere just beginning to ventilate American classrooms—a theory of history:[4]

> The first step . . . [is] to familiarise one's mind with thoroughly good work, to master the scientific method, and to adopt the rigid principle of subordinating everything to perfect thoroughness of study. . . . It makes little difference what one teaches; the great thing is to . . . catch the tail of an idea to develop with solid reasoning and thorough knowledge. America or Europe, our own century or prehistoric time, are all alike to the historian if he can only find out what men are and have been driving at, consciously or unconsciously.

With Adams's code of history went the seminar method of study, which he introduced into Harvard just as Andrew D. White and H. B. Adams had introduced it in Cornell and Johns Hopkins. "The new historians . . . were disciplined to a code of honor. They pursued truth. They disdained to make history the servant of any particular cause." [5]

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[4] *Letters of Henry Adams, 1858–1891*, edited by W. C. Ford (Boston, 1930), 235–237 (hereinafter cited as *"Letters I"*).

[5] R. H. Gabriel, *The Course of American Democratic Thought* (New York, 1940), 253.

At Harvard, working in medieval law, and in Washington in the 1880's, Adams practised his profession and produced an impressive list of titles, the last and most important of which was his justly famous *History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison.* Written strictly in accord with scientific principles, the nine-volume work still stands as one of the outstanding achievements of American historiography and a monument to the scientific theory of history.[6]

Almost before he had finished writing the *History,* however, Adams abandoned the theory on which it was based.[7] History, for Adams, was the gateway to philosophy; he sought to comprehend "what men are and have been driving at, consciously or unconsciously"; and his intention was to open that gate, to proceed to some understanding of philosophical truth.

Instead, at the end of his first trial, he had found that "the sequence of men led to nothing and . . . the sequence of their society could lead no further."[8] History stood as "a sort of Chinese Play, without end and without lesson."[9] With hardly a murmur he acknowledged his initial failure and set out seriously on a philosophic quest intended to lead him to theories of a universe characterized by order and direction instead of by the chaos and randomness he was reluctantly beginning to suspect.

He did not discard his original theory of history but went above it. Thoroughness, objectivity, and accuracy became, instead of the ends of contemplation (as most of his

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[6] W. C. Ford, "Henry Adams, Historian," *The Nation,* CVI, 674–675 (1918).

[7] *Letters of Henry Adams, 1892–1918,* edited by W. C. Ford (Boston, 1938), 119 (hereinafter cited as *"Letters II"*); and *Letters I,* 457–458.

[8] *The Education of Henry Adams* (Boston, 1918), 382; *Letters I,* 468; *Letters II,* 119. While this was a conclusion of the sort for which he searched, Adams was unable to accept a view of man so contrary to the democratic principle of individualism in which he still had faith (although he was disillusioned with practical politics): see *A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–1865,* edited by W. C. Ford (Boston, 1920), I, 281–282.

[9] *Letters II,* 119.

fellow-historians then supposed), only necessary adjuncts to a wider process of thinking. In expanding his horizon he accepted what no "scientific" historian of his time would allow—theory—but which the pioneers in other fields of knowledge were building as rapidly as possible, hoping to reach up to the level where hypothesis would create philosophy.

Although Adams, unlike James and Sumner, who were able to work in comparatively new fields, was forced to disencumber himself of conventional intellectual baggage, he was far from unequipped to meet the demands of science. His puritan instincts always strong, he constantly systematized his experience and his thought. In the *Education*, he recounts his early contact with Darwinism and his unsuccessful attempts to place himself, the individual, in proper relation to the cosmos according to Darwinian principles.[10] The theories of Herbert Spencer and Auguste Comte had in turn attracted him and had been discarded, in whole if not in part. He best enjoyed his theorizing about the world when he could get down to the "hard-pan of science," and when, like the scientist, he could work careless of the consequences of his theorizing and "as though he were a small God . . . immortal and possibly omniscient." [11]

Well before the end of the century, he had evolved his second theory of history, consisting almost entirely of pure hypothesis and daring generalization, in contrast to his earlier definition, which laid its greatest emphasis upon dead certainty. The new theory, though applied principally to history, actually was a philosophy of life for Adams. Briefly, it involved the following concepts:[12] Man is a force in a universe of forces. He acts and is acted upon according to the same laws of nature which operate in the realm of physical or

10 *Education*, 224–236.

11 *Letters I*, 206.

12 See the closing chapters of the *Education*, and the essays, "The Tendency of History," "A Letter to American Teachers of History," and "The Rule of Phase Applied to History," in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*.

chemical—certainly electrical—forces. He therefore must be subject especially to the second law of thermodynamics, Lord Kelvin's principle that energy always descends from an initial highest level where it is able to do mechanical work—to be forceful, full of force—to an irreversible level of heat which eventually, as a universal equilibrium is reached through the degrading process, rests dead and motionless somewhere near minus 273 degrees Centigrade.

The history of the universe and of mankind, then, is the history of the dispersion of energy toward the end-point of a cold sun and a lifeless planet. Social and human activity through the ages may be written in terms which indicate this degradation, and portrayed in relation—generally a subservient one—to other natural forces.

As a practical application of this philosophy, Adams wrote *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*—"A Study in Thirteenth Century Unity"—and *The Education of Henry Adams*—"A Study in Twentieth Century Multiplicity." Unity stands for energy at its most powerful level in historical times (primitive life, thought Adams, demonstrated even greater energy by producing lavishly new species, or by moving from an individualistic to a socialistic pattern in the evolution of man); unity existed when the medieval church concentrated social energy in the worship of the Virgin;[13] and multiplicity stands for the individual in the twentieth-century society, his human force tossed helplessly about in a world of increasingly violent energy—coal, steam, electricity, bombs—decreasingly under his control.[14]

This far-reaching view was drawn almost entirely from scientific thought, chiefly physics. Maxwell's theory of gases, Lord Kelvin's law of entropy, and Gibbs's law of phase presented to the philosopher an impressive array of natural forces which exerted upon all forms of energy and matter an influ-

[13] *Education*, 388; *Letters II*, 80 and 113.

[14] *Education*, 495; *Letters I*, 134; and *Letters II*, 391–392, 393, 408, 446, 457, and 587.

ence ubiquitous and necessary. Adams, like such biologists as Haeckel, or such psychologists as Pavlov and Watson, set into the physical world all life so that the system reached not only upward to the cosmos and down to the atom, but through the exact mid-point, life.[15]

His conclusions were deterministic in the sense that man as well as the stars, mind as well as matter, were the resultants of imperative and inexorable forces, electrical, physical, even occult. The system was deterministic also in the broad lines of its operation—it was a sequence of descending power, the death of which could be foreseen. Within the framework, however, a system of flux prevailed; forces, like molecules of gas, moved chaotically and, as often as not, in opposing directions.

This philosophy of forces could command respect not only from the scientists—except for those who stubbornly clung to some form of non-deterministic faith, or who rapidly created one—but from the men who sought, with Adams, to apply science to extended intellectual problems. Chief among them was William James. His pragmatic view of the eternally changing, unfinished universe was another representation of what Adams saw. Sumner supported the view which made man a midget in a world of powerful forces. The application of laws of the scientific variety was still alive in the preliminary work of Spencer and Comte. And in the twentieth century, Watson, T. S. Eliot, Thurman Arnold, John Dewey, George Santayana, and Theodore Dreiser have repeated and elaborated these principles. Each used the knowledge in his own field to build a broader platform from which to view reality. For Adams, presenting his theory to historians, the scientific hypothesis explained a mechanism of history, just as the concept of the survival of the fittest described a mechan-

[15] For criticisms of the theory in the light of modern science, see the articles of James Truslow Adams, "Henry Adams and the New Physics," *Yale Review*, XIX, 283–302; and of Roy F. Nichols, "The Dynamic Interpretation of History," *New England Quarterly*, VIII, 163–178.

ism of evolution. Elsewhere, the theories of psychology or biology were used to describe the mechanism by which man, society, or the cosmos was governed.

But for none of these philosophers was the story complete. What seemed to be needed was a final synthesis which would describe the nature of history—or psychology or education—just as a philosophy such as Henri Bergson's attempted to explain the nature of life itself.

Adams, for one, had absorbed enough of the scientific spirit to be wary of too firm a faith in scientific knowledge at any particular moment. He had the suspicion that the physics he knew would be, by 1920, as antique as the Ptolemaic system.[16] But more important, Adams had been caught, just as his theory would have predicted, in the energy field of the Middle Ages, the Church. Coming to Normandy in the course of his travels, he was struck by the remains of Gothic civilization and tossed about violently by the force which still streamed from the stained glass of Chartres.

Here was a force the power of which, believed Adams, was measured by the fact that all medieval civilization had been drawn to it as iron is to a magnet. A believer in forces was bound to respect the Virgin as much as he did the dynamo. All was well until one suddenly realized that to point to religion or to a magnet as an example of force was, literally, to point to nothing at all. What was force?

Adams's answer came slowly. The nature of the human force, like that of the magnet, is Mystery.[17] Atom and man, dynamo and mother-love return "no sound in answer to our cry." [18] The Mystery—"the Cause" [19]—is known only by the force it exerts in the universe or in society. Particularly is it known by its all-pervasive eternal motion. Its movement is

[16] *Letters II*, 301.

[17] *Education*, 381, 383, and 396–397; *Letters II*, 83 and 119.

[18] Mabel La Farge, *Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres, by Henry Adams, with a Niece's Memories* (Boston, 1920), 129 (hereinafter cited as *"Prayer"*).

[19] *Prayer*, 133.

in a uniform direction, pointing toward an equilibrium. The external manifestations of the mysterious force are never isolated from one another. Each appearance of the ultimate reality points back to the same basic unity—"all answers are alike." [20]

Knowledge, then, ever short of final truth, is to be found everywhere. History is not only past politics, nor is politics only present history. Economic determinism gives no better answer to the questions about man and society than the pure religious faith which "bore the failure of the light, the strength, the knowledge and the thought of God." [21] Nor does science "look beyond the piece-work of our tasks." [22] All reach out to the Force beyond reason and observation; none, nor all together, close with the Mystery. Each, physics or religion, reason or faith, is the projection of the mind into nature, and "in neither case does—or can—the mind reach anything but a different reflection of its own features." "Always and everywhere the mind creates its own universe, . . . but the force behind the image is always reality—the attractions of occult power." [23]

In his study of medieval civilization, Adams found human and social power focused upon the worship of the Virgin. She was the source of occult energy and the summation of physical forces tapped by society. In physical terms, Adams found that the Virgin "worked" better than any other force, human or mechanical, then known; that social energies, directed and concentrated by religion, attained greater material and spiritual heights than ever before. But though the Virgin, as a force, may be known by Her works, Her full reality is unknown. There is no answer to What? none to Why? and only obscurely to How?

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[20] *Prayer*, 130; *Education*, 431 and 449–461; *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (Boston, 1913), 106; *Letters I*, 237; *Letters II*, 163; and "The Rule of Phase Applied to History," in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*, 311.

[21] *Prayer*, 134.

[22] *Prayer*, 127; *Education*, 497; and *Letters II*, 407 and 506–507.

[23] "The Rule of Phase Applied to History," 294–295 and 310.

His groping approach to knowledge of the Mystery was in accordance with the principle that all ways lead back to unity. The historian or philosopher is free to choose that which he thinks most direct. In *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,* Adams abandoned almost entirely conventional political or institutional approaches, and concentrated his attention upon a study of architecture, art, and literature. His own life is as clear an example of this theory of knowledge, for he moved from an early inclination to law and presumably to politics, to political and social theory, to the natural sciences, to history of all sorts, to literature, to the physical sciences, and to mathematics—a human atom whirled in powerful fields of intellectual forces.

In attempting to go beyond science, or to point at least to a Beyond, Adams traced the path of scientific naturalism as it was developed by his contemporaries. James demanded an unseen order of some kind behind the natural scheme of things, to give it significance. Granting that the existence of such a world beyond could not be experimentally proved, James considered it a probability essential to human thought, a belief by necessity. Eddington and Jeans, in the twentieth century, by somewhat different methods, moved to the same conclusion. Bergson, Haldane, and Lloyd Morgan, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, conceived of some underlying, dominating force behind the materialistic, deterministic order of biology. Lester Frank Ward and John Dewey both reached the logical conclusion that man, as a force, exerted force, and that his reason could become an instrument for shaping society—as it reshapes nature—in accordance with his will. Santayana, building a world upon the foundations of mind, allowed "animal faith" to enter as a final assurance of the real world for which science and sensual experience are only the intellectual or physical symbols. Associate Justice Holmes found truth in what he could not help believing. T. S. Eliot went to the Church.

The superstructure erected upon a scaffolding of science

represented for all these thinkers, as it did for Adams, an almost pious recognition of the darkness hardly penetrated, to use Melville's figure, by the lightship of science. In each case, except perhaps that of Holmes, the Mystery was approached intellectually rather than emotionally. Certainly this was true for Adams.

In spite of being passionately awed by the power of the medieval Church, Adams never became a spiritual convert. He wrote, late in life, a prayer to the Virgin, but his appeal to Her was not that of a believer in Her religion, but that only of one paying homage to the symbol of the Unknown. In this did Adams differ from his fellow seekers for truth; they found an object for faith, mysterious though it might be; they were able to perform a conscious act of the will whereby spiritual contact was made with truth beyond reason.

Adams, perhaps because of age, or of mental habit, or because his original act of faith had been directed to science, never achieved the emotional adjustment necessary to make perception of the Mystery comfortable to the human personality. The nearest he came to a personal solution was sincere humility before what he did not know, and a determined and persistent effort to play what he, like Melville and the pragmatists, conceived to be the human game—to keep acting and searching. His final conclusion was that education was a failure, that the Mystery persisted as a wall which blocked sooner or later every step, which thwarted every technique of learning he could find—experience, inference, logic, faith. But to keep searching was a human fate which was an expression itself of the energetic restless force beyond; to succumb was to acknowledge a sort of intellectual adolescence which sought to comfort itself in the fond belief that it knew all.[24]

The doctrine was hard and Adams was weary of it long before the end of his life. Nevertheless, while protesting that he could see quite far enough into the future not to want to

[24] "A Letter to Teachers of American History," in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*, 230.

go on, he concluded his *Education* with a wish to see 1938, and, writing a last letter to his faithful friend, Charles Milnes Gaskell, he was still cheerfully asking questions.[25]

[25] *Letters II*, 648–650.

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

THOREAU'S JOURNEY TO MINNESOTA

ROBERT L. STRAKER

IN the spring of 1861, Thoreau's physician advised him for the sake of his health to take a long journey—to the West Indies, to the south of France, or to the Mississippi Valley. Because he feared the muggy heat of the Caribbean and felt that he could not afford the trip abroad, and perhaps because of his deep interest in American fauna and flora, he decided to go to Minnesota.

The journey did not take long, lasting only from May 11 to July 10. Thoreau himself preserved some account in his journal, and further details were given in his letters to relatives and friends in Concord. Some of these have been printed in *The Familiar Letters*,[1] and others, as well as some of the journal entries, may be found in *The First and Last Journeys of Thoreau*.[2] A summary of this material, enhanced with some further data from local sources, has been published by Dr. Flanagan.[3] The story of the journey may now be somewhat further clarified by details given in letters, recently come to light, which passed between Horace Mann, Jr., Thoreau's companion on the Minnesota excursion, and the boy's mother, Mrs. Mary Peabody Mann.[4]

Young Mann was the eldest son of Horace Mann, the educator. The father had died at Antioch College two years previously, and his widow and their three sons were at this time living in Concord. Although Horace was only seventeen years old, he was a serious student of natural history and was especial-

[1] Sanborn, Frank B., editor, *The Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau* (Boston, 1894).

[2] Sanborn, Frank B., editor, *The First and Last Journeys of Henry David Thoreau* (Boston, 1905).

[3] Flanagan, John T., "Thoreau in Minnesota," *Minnesota History*, XVI (March, 1935), 35–46.

[4] These letters were preserved among the Mann papers and are now in the possession of the writer. Only excerpts are printed here.

ly fond of botany. He and Thoreau had become friends and frequently consulted each other about the identification of plants and small animals. Thoreau's *Journals*[5] show eleven entries between October 6, 1860, and May 11, 1861, recording consultations between the two naturalists, chiefly on the identification of birds.

On May 10, 1861, Thoreau and Mann bought through railroad tickets to Chicago ($25.25 each), with stop-over privilege at Niagara Falls and Detroit. On the thirteenth, Mann wrote to his mother from Albany:

> We have just arrived here and have had our supper. It has been raining most of the afternoon but it is clear now, and we expect a pleasant day tomorrow. Mr. Thoreau has got along very well, only he is pretty tired. We are at the Delevan House now, and shall start tomorrow at half past eight for Niagara Falls. We see things much greener here than at home.

Two days later, May 15, Mann wrote from Niagara Falls:

> We arrived at the Suspension Bridge last night at about half past eight, and stopped over night at the New York Central House. This morning at ten minutes of eight we came up here, two miles in the cars, and went around to find a boarding place; we went to every house in town I believe and at last took a room at the American House where we are now for one dollar a day. Mr. Thoreau seems to feel better already, and I think that he will get better before long. I have seen the Falls though I have not been to look at them yet.

The two travelers stayed at Niagara Falls six days, during which time they examined the trees and flowers on Goat Island and the shores of the river above the falls. On Monday, May 20, they resumed their journey, going by train through southern Ontario to Detroit, where they stayed the night. On the twenty-first they went on to Chicago, through southern Michigan and northern Indiana, and that night put up at the Metropolitan House in Chicago. In a letter to his mother, dated at 7:45 a.m., May 23, Mann wrote:

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[5] *The Journals of Henry David Thoreau*, XIV, 102–339.

I walked around most all day yesterday and saw considerable of Chicago. I saw Mr. Carter, who let me have a check for $100 which I got turned into gold. The Chicago banks are having a good deal of trouble just now and I suppose most of them must fail so I was lucky in getting gold, as it is scarce in the city. I got it of a Mr. Wiley, a kind of a banker, a friend of Mr. Thoreau. We go this morning at 9:15, so I am in a good deal of a hurry. You had better direct your next letter to St. Anthony, Minnesota. I am very well and Mr. Thoreau is getting along very well also, excepting a little trouble that the water gives him in the bowels, though that is of no account.

They bought tickets ($11.50 each) to St. Paul, by way of Dunleith (East Dubuque). On Sunday, May 26, Mann wrote from St. Anthony:

We have just got here (9:45 A. M.). We had a very pleasant passage up the river. The cars left Chicago Thursday morning about ten o'clock and we got to Dunleith at twenty minutes after six in the evening and went onto the boat *Itasca* and got our suppers, then I went on shore and got a few minerals out of the bluff and also a few flowers, when I went back to the boat and went to bed. The boat left Dunleith about 8:30 in the morning and went over to Dubuque across the river, and got under way about 9 o'clock. We got to Prairie du Chien about 5 P. M. and had to wait till 8 o'clock for the cars which were late; in the morning we stopped at Brownsville, the first town on the river in Minnesota, about 5 o'clock, and at about four in the afternoon we entered Lake Pepin, arrived at Red Wing at about 7:30 P. M. and a little while after we left there we went to bed. The boat got to St. Paul about 2 or 3 o'clock this morning; we left it at six and went up in town to the American House where we got breakfast at 7:30 and at about 8:30 we left in the stage coach in a driving rain-storm and got here as I said before. The two days which we had on the river were the most beautiful days we have had this spring; they were very warm and not a bit of wind till late yesterday afternoon when a little breeze came up and some time in the night it rained. We are at a house here called the Tremont House, and from the window of my room I can see a little bit of the Falls of St. Anthony, though not enough to know how they look. I am well and Mr. Thoreau is pretty well also. He is doing very well now and I think will be a great deal better before long.

Sunday evening Thoreau called on a Mr. Thatcher, in whose

care their mail had been sent. Thatcher gave Thoreau a letter of introduction to Dr. Charles L. Anderson of Minneapolis, the state geologist. On Saturday, June 1, Mann wrote from St. Anthony:

We found him (Dr. Anderson) at last and Mr. Thoreau gave the letter to him and he said he was very glad to see us, and invited us to go to his house to dinner, so we went there, and after dinner he took us out to ride in his buggy, and went to Lake Calhoun about four miles southwest of Minneapolis (look at the map). It is a very pretty little lake of about 640 acres, as he told us. We wandered around there for a while, and I got some shells and then we came home. He asked us to come over next day. So on Wednesday we went over, and he took us to ride down to the falls of Minne-ha-ha which are very beautiful. We stayed around there for a while and I got some fossils, and as I had my gun along I had already got some prairie gophers, the species *Spermophilus tridicumlineatus,* and some birds. From there we went to Fort Snelling at the junction of the Mississippi and St. Peters or Minnesota rivers. The Minnesota voluntary militia are quartered there, and we saw a little of the regimental drill at four o'clock; they are all green at it. We then steered towards home and I shot some more birds and gophers on the way.

On Thursday Mr. Thoreau and I went out behind St. Anthony and I got some more birds.

Yesterday (Friday) we went over to Dr. Anderson's again and we went out west of Minneapolis several miles and I shot two birds, rose-breasted grosbeaks, of which I had shot three before, two chipmunks and a gopher, and I would have shot a cart load more if my arm had not been so sore from the old gun kicking. Mr. Thoreau sleeps well, and he has a very good appetite. He is really better of his cough; he can raise more and it does not hinder his sleeping so much. I think he is prudent. We cannot get rain water to drink, but Mr. Thoreau has got over his bowel complaint and is getting better of his cold. On Monday I went to a drug store in town here, and got a five gallon keg into which I had some alcohol put and I put my birds and animals in it.

Thoreau and Mann stayed at St. Anthony for eleven days. On June 5 they went to the shore of Lake Calhoun, and two days later Mann wrote to his mother:

We are staying at a house on the edge of Lake Calhoun, with a Mrs. Hamilton, a widow, and one of the first settlers near the

lake. The house is surrounded with very thick woods which is full of great big mosquitoes. There are also a great many pigeons in the woods back of the house. Mr. Thoreau and I went in swimming this afternoon and then we went to walk. Mr. Thoreau continues to get better and I am very well of course. We drink lake water here. Mr. Thoreau is getting well I think and will be entirely well before a great while, so do not fret about him.

From Concord, on June 9, Mary Mann wrote to her son:

Mr. Thoreau wrote his sister that you were having a nice time in Natural History. I was amused to hear from Miss Thoreau that the last war news Mr. T. had heard was of the killing of seven hundred men at Leavall's Point, because that was a hoax and a fortnight old. It proves that you are rather out of the track of news. The English are acting very strangely after all their protestations of love of liberty, but what a powerful argument the *pocket*. It sometimes makes black things look white.

On Friday, June 14, Mrs. Mann wrote again:

Mrs. Thoreau called this morning to say she had heard from Mr. T. again. It was delightful to his mother to hear that Mr. T. has been swimming. He tells her that he does not pay any attention to his health, though he feels weak. But she concludes that he must be better. If he can only stop coughing she will feel satisfied. Mr. Emerson and all his (Thoreau's) friends keep asking me what you say about him. He tells his mother that you and he are having a fine time.

From Lake Calhoun, on June 12, Mann wrote to his mother:

We shall leave this place on Saturday (June 15th) and go to St. Anthony and on Sunday morning we shall go down to St. Paul and I think we may go up the Minnesota River to the Lower Sioux agency where the Indians are going to be paid off. We shall not go however if we cannot get good accommodations or if the fare is too high. Mr. Thoreau is pretty well, and I am very well.

On Monday morning, June 17, Thoreau and Mann boarded the *Frank Steele* at St. Paul for the round trip up the Minnesota River to Redwood, a frontier post about 125 miles in a straight line overland from St. Paul, but by the river some 300 miles.

Thoreau gives many of the details of this part of their journey in his letter of June 26 to Sanborn.[6]

From Red Wing, some sixty miles down the Mississippi from St. Paul, Mann wrote to his mother on June 23:

> We arrived at St. Paul about 9 o'clock last night. We went to the Merchants Hotel and stayed over night and started this morning at 9:30 to come down here and arrived here a few minutes after 2 P. M. We got a room at the Metropolitan House, which is right on the landing, and then went up on top of Red Wing bluff which is about a dozen rods off and I can look right at it out of this window. The bluff and town are both named for the old Sioux chief Red Wing who was buried on this bluff about ten years ago. We have heard some account of the Big Bethel affair. We think of returning home from here through La Crosse, Milwaukee, Mackinaw, Detroit, Hamilton, Ogdensburg, and home.

Again from Red Wing, Mann wrote to his mother on Monday, June 24:

> This morning we walked over back of the town onto the bluffs and found a good many strawberries growing wild which we ate. A little while after dinner I went in swimming in the river and about two hours after that Mr. Thoreau went in. We walked around Red Wing bluff today. We shall leave here I suppose on Wednesday afternoon.

During the morning of June 26, Thoreau wrote a long letter to his Concord friend, Frank Sanborn. At two o'clock in the afternoon he and Mann boarded the *War Eagle* for Prairie du Chien, where they docked the next morning at eight o'clock, and soon after took a train for Milwaukee. Mann wrote to his mother while on the train:

> We passed through Madison at 1:30 P. M. and shall arrive in Milwaukee at 6 o'clock this evening. If we can find a boat going to Mackinaw we shall take it immediately; if not, we shall wait till one does go, which will be in the course of a day anyhow, I suppose. There has been a riot in Milwaukee, but the Milwaukee paper says today that the city is quiet.

The next morning, Friday, June 28, they boarded the *Edith* for Mackinaw, after buying through tickets to Boston ($20.15

[6] *The Writings of Thoreau*, VI, 385–391.

each), by way of Mackinaw, Goderich, Stratford, Ogdensburg, Rouse's Point, Lowell, and Boston. They arrived at Mackinaw at two o'clock Sunday morning, June 30. Thoreau and Mann registered at the Mackinaw House and remained at Mackinaw five days. After dark on July 4, they sailed on the *Sun* and arrived at Goderich the following evening at 10 p.m. The next day they spent traveling to Toronto, and the following one in Toronto, registered at the Rosin House. On July 8 they took a boat across Lake Ontario and reached Ogdensburg on the ninth. On the tenth they reached Boston and returned to Concord.

Thoreau returned home little benefited by his long journey. He had indeed expected little benefit, for he thought his cold had turned into bronchitis before he left for Minnesota. In August he went to New Bedford for a six-day visit with his friend Ricketson, but his health was precarious and his friends expected a rapid decline. The following January he became confined to his room; he grew steadily worse, and died May 6.

In the autumn of 1861 Mann entered Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, first studying zoology under Professor Agassiz, and then botany under Professor Gray. In 1864 he and Professor Brigham of Yale went to Hawaii, Mann looking into the botany of the islands, and Brigham investigating the geology and mineralogy. On his return to Cambridge he resumed his studies at Harvard and in 1867 was awarded the Bachelor of Science degree, presenting as his thesis a carefully worked out paper on Hawaiian plants. He then accompanied Agassiz to Brazil; while there he developed pulmonary tuberculosis. For some time he was curator of botany to the Boston Natural History Society, and for the last two years of his life curator of the Harvard herbarium and assistant to Professor Gray. In the autumn of 1868 Gray went abroad, leaving the Botany Department at Harvard and the Botanic Garden in the care of Mann, then a tutor in the University. It was planned that Mann should succeed Gray when the latter retired. Mann's health, however, declined rapidly and he died November 11, 1868—on the same day he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at the age of twenty-five.

BOOK REVIEWS

The editors of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY *neither assume nor accept any responsibility whatever for the opinions of reviewers.*

American Renaissance: Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman. By F. O. Matthiessen. (New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. Pp. xxiv, 678. $5.00.)

What Mr. Matthiessen has tried to do is clearly stated in his admirably straightforward preface. In writing about the works of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, and Whitman, he has been, he says, "primarily concerned with *what* these books were as works of art, with evaluating their fusions of form and content." Thus his "main subject has become the conceptions held by five of our major writers concerning the function and nature of literature, and the degree to which their practice bore out their theories." "It is well to remember," he warns us, "that although literature reflects an age, it also illustrates it. Whatever the case may be for the historian, the quality of that illumination is the main concern for the common reader. He does not live by trends alone; he reads books, whether of the present or past, because they have an immediate life of their own. What constitutes the secret of that life is the subject of this volume." "My aim," he says again, "has been to follow these books through their implications, to observe them as the culmination of their authors' talents, to assess them in relation to one another and to the drift of our literature since, and, so far as possible, to evaluate them in accordance with the enduring requirements for great art." He announces several recurring themes, notably "the adequacy of the different writers' conceptions of the relation of the individual to society, and of the nature of good and evil." Finally, to describe his own attitude, he quotes from Louis Sullivan: "In a democracy there can be but one fundamental test of citizenship, namely: Are you using such gifts as you possess for or against the people?" And he continues: "These standards are the inevitable and right extension of Emerson's demands in *The American*

Scholar. The ensuing volume has value only to the extent that it comes anywhere near measuring up to them."

Since Matthiessen, speaking of methods he has chosen not to adopt, refers, among other books, to my *The Great Tradition*, and since he has commented on the method of that book in these pages—since, in sort, it might seem that my point of view is quite different from his, I want to define my position. So far as my method in *The Great Tradition* and *Figures of Transition* is concerned, I said in my introduction to the latter book, written while I was a member of the Communist Party and considered myself a Marxist, "It would not occur to me to deny that there are many valid ways of writing about literature." It is necessary to add, however, that in the past two years my views on literature have changed, and that this change, though perhaps not very great, has been in the general direction of Matthiessen's position. I would still emphasize, for example, as indeed Matthiessen does, a writer's conception of the relation of the individual to society, but I am not so sure as I once was that I know what the true conception is. Furthermore, though I have never denied in principle the importance of the author's functions as author, I should today lay more stress upon them. On this point, however, I think I am not the only one to have changed. When I read *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot*, I felt that Matthiessen did not sufficiently examine the relation of form and content, and therefore was intermittently led into the sterile formalism of which Eliot himself is so often guilty. The same aridity appears occasionally, very occasionally, in *American Renaissance*, but the book as a whole is dominated by a richer conception. Matthiessen quotes Croce's description of form as "nothing else than the entire resolution of the intellectual, sentimental, and emotional material into the concrete reality of the poetic image and word," and it is form in this and not in some narrower sense that he is here concerned with. I have no quarrel with his aim, and I am filled with admiration for his execution of it.

A critic's theories are important, but his resources are perhaps even more important, and I can think of no American book in which both knowledge and insight are so sharply focused on a series of literary problems. One's strongest impression is of the density of the book. One reason for this is the persistence with

which Matthiessen has maintained a high level of critical attention. He has read and re-read the books he is talking about, and read them with arduous and affectionate care. No one, I think, has come so close to getting out of *Moby Dick* what is in it, and no one has discovered some of the things that Matthiessen finds in *Walden* and *Leaves of Grass*. But he has not hesitated to draw on all his experiences. He goes backward to the metaphysical poets and forward to James and Eliot. He turns to sculpture, landscape painting, architecture, oratory, and opera. Where a lesser critic would have circumscribed himself with a narrow, safe plan, Matthiessen remains confident that whatever has helped him to understand the masterpieces of the American renaissance will help the reader, and he turns out to be right.

It is a big book, and there are great riches in it. Perhaps I can best indicate this richness by speaking of the quotations. Matthiessen quotes generously from all his authors, and often a sentence or a paragraph that one has overlooked shines luminously merely because he has isolated it. In particular he brings together, as specially relevant to his theme, what the authors had to say about one another, telling us, for example, what Melville wrote on the margins of Hawthorne's books. He quotes also from their contemporaries, and nothing could be more revealing than what Father Taylor had to say about Emerson, or Trollope about Hawthorne. Finally, he quotes from the writers these men read and from the writers who have read them, placing Hemingway's conception of art beside Thoreau's, Hopkins's beside Whitman's, Eliot's beside Hawthorne's.

His method is as ingenious as it is unconventional. Look, for example, at the structure of Book I. There is first a long chapter on Emerson, then a shorter chapter on Thoreau. The third chapter, called "The Metaphysical Strain," begins with Herbert, Browne, Milton, and other seventeenth-century writers, examines Emerson and Thoreau in the light of metaphysical poetry, and suddenly leaps ahead to Melville. The fourth chapter, "The Organic Principle," first considers the effect of Coleridge's theories of art on Emerson. Then surprisingly it turns to Horatio Greenough, who leads us forward to Louis Sullivan, who leads us back to Whitman. But that is not all: Cooper, Ruskin, and Blake have figured in the discussion before Matthiessen has finished showing

us what we can learn from Greenough about the organic principle and its relation to art in a democracy. The chapter ends with a statement of Thoreau's views on art, a section on Thoreau's and Emerson's portrayal of nature, and a careful analysis of the structure of *Walden*.

It would be easy to talk at length, and with relatively few objections, about Matthiessen's comments on particular writers and their works; but of course *American Renaissance* is a book, not merely a collection of good things, and once one has said how many good things there are in it, it is as a book that it must be judged. In general it is a difficult book to read, and though in large part that is because so much thought has gone into it, its density is not the only explanation. There is, I think, an essential lack of clarity, which can be traced to specific confusions and evasions. In particular, one has to ask whether Matthiessen has sufficiently analyzed "the conceptions held by five of our major writers concerning the function and nature of literature," and whether he has satisfactorily evaluated "the adequacy of the different writers' conceptions of the relation of the individual to society, and of the nature of good and evil."

At the outset Matthiessen states that "the transcendental theory of art is a theory of knowledge and religion as well," and he quotes Emerson's three propositions: "1. Words are signs of natural facts. 2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular spiritual facts. 3. Nature is the symbol of spirit." Thoreau and Whitman, of course, accepted these dogmas, and so, although they were by no means transcendentalists, did Hawthorne and Melville. "Everything," Hawthorne had one of his characters say, "has its spiritual meaning, which to the literal meaning is what the soul is to the body." And Melville's Ahab exclaimed. "O Nature, and O soul of man! how far beyond all utterance are your linked analogies! not the smallest atom stirs or lives on matter, but has its cunning duplicate in mind."

Matthiessen is obviously right in emphasizing the importance of organic form, and he makes many brilliant observations on its relation to functionalism and on the whole subject of imagery, allegory, symbolism, and myth, but the basic issues are never raised. If the transcendental theory of art is a theory of knowledge and religion as well, can one legitimately look only at one aspect

of it? Five writers, Matthiessen tells us, believed that nature is the symbol of spirit, and he proceeds to show us how this belief worked out in practice. That is legitimate and important, and we follow his exposition with interest and appreciation. But we know there is a piece of unfinished business; there is still a question to be asked and answered; and we wait, first with confidence, then with annoyance, and finally with bewilderment. Is nature the symbol of spirit? We know that, working on this assumption, our five writers reached a high level of literary achievement. But was this because of, or in spite of, their philosophical premises?

Does it matter? Obviously it matters a great deal. Admittedly the finest writers of the past held views of the universe that most of us cannot share, and that does not diminish their greatness and their importance for us. But the act of appreciation consists precisely in taking what one can take, and criticism renders explicit the processes of the discerning reader. That is what the repossession of the past must be—a finding of what is alive for us. Emerson would have said that, if we denied his three propositions, we destroyed his whole theory of art. I do not believe it. Does Matthiessen? I do not know, and that is the basis of my objection. There was a problem here, literary and philosophical, which he has evaded.

Perhaps we can begin to understand why he evaded it after we have looked at another and even more important task that he has shirked. If his five writers agreed in regarding nature as the symbol of spirit, Hawthorne and Melville, as Matthiessen repeatedly insists, were separated from the other three by their recognition of evil. Hawthorne recognized "the general bond of sin," finding "the empirical truth behind the Calvinist symbols." Melville went beyond him, perceiving that both individuals and contemporary society were tainted by evil, and discovering brutal energies in nature that the transcendentalists ignored. The importance that Matthiessen attaches to the recognition of evil can be felt on every page of the book. He speaks, for example, of Hawthorne's "world of solid moral values." "It is based," he writes, "on a conception of man as a being radically imperfect, destined to struggle through a long labyrinth of error, and to suffer harsh and cruel shocks. The contrast with the one-way optimism of most of Hawthorne's contemporaries could hardly be

more striking, and runs parallel to the estimate that Perry Miller has made of the value of the Puritans for us today. The impossibility of accepting their explanation of the universe should not blind us, he contends, to the accuracy of their observations of man. In the hard light of Freudian psychology or of recent political history, it is scarcely useful to regard man as perfect, or even as naturally good."

This is an observation wholly compatible with a non-Calvinist or even a non-Christian view of the universe, and the word "useful" seems a deliberate concession to the pragmatists, but Matthiessen is not content to let the matter rest there. Hawthorne, he feels, was living on the spiritual reserves of the Puritan tradition, and they could not last forever. Hawthorne had, in Eliot's terms, an "exceptional awareness of spiritual reality" coupled with "indifference to religious dogma." But the awareness could not persist, or could persist only as ironic torture, without the support of dogma. Eliot, as Matthiessen says, "came to believe that the choice lay between further disintegration of the sort Hawthorne already foresaw, and a return to dogma upon which to base more adequate values than those of James." Here as elsewhere Matthiessen seems to accept the logic of Eliot's reasoning, but he does not say whether he has accepted his conclusions.

In his treatment of the problem of evil, in his comments on time and eternity, and in his remarks on the transient and permanent in human nature, Matthiessen constantly seems to be availing himself of the support of religious attitudes. There are passages in which he goes even farther than that. "By Melville's time," he writes, "and especially in protestant democratic America, the emphasis was no longer on God become Man, on the unique birth and Divinity of the Christ, who was killed and died back into eternal life; but on the rebel killed by an unworthy society, on Man become the Messiah, become God. That celebration of Man's triumph involved also the loss of several important attitudes: that there was anything more important than the individual; that he might find his completion in something greater than himself; that the real basis for human brotherhood was not in humanitarianism but in men's common aspiration and fallibility, in their humility before God."

"Anyone concerned with orthodoxy," to use one of Matthies-

sen's phrases, will observe that he does not speak of the error involved in the alteration of men's views of Christ but of "the loss of several important attitudes." The orthodox person will, I think, point out that it is truth that matters and that Matthiessen's oblique defense is more dangerous than outright attack. The belligerent materialist, on the other hand, will assert that Matthiessen is simply unwilling to face the consequences of his own doubts, and that if man is alone in the universe he had better know it. Both, from my point of view, are right. That does not mean, however, that I go along with the belligerent materialist when he dismisses religious systems, primitive myths, and popular superstitions as relics of the race's childhood, now happily outgrown. On the contrary, I find in them—in all of them—great wisdom, but it is the wisdom of man, not of God, and it is wisdom about man, not about God. The dogmas men have held may be important, but that does not make them true.

Matthiessen, I think, should have told us, as Eliot has done, exactly where he stands, should have been as candid about his views on Christianity as he is about his views on democracy. It may be objected that his religion is a private matter, but after all, religious issues do figure on almost every page. The whole book is based on the proposition that what a writer believes about man, about society, and about the universe has a great deal to do with what he writes; and yet Mr. Matthiessen refuses to be explicit about his own beliefs. One gathers that he accepts some part of Christian doctrine, but what part, and in what sense, and for what reasons?

No one need ask why so many sensitive persons are today turning to religion. The great experiment in human independence, which began with the renaissance and developed at an accelerated pace with the rise of industrialism and romanticism, seems to them to be ending in disaster. They ask themselves what previously restrained the human forces that are now so threatening, and since religion appears to be the answer, they argue that religion must be restored. It may be, as Sorokin argues, that if our civilization breaks down to the point at which it can no longer hold out even the promise of abundance, men will again transfer their hopes to the hereafter, establishing a culture, of which the Vichy regime may be a rough model, in which science stagnates, materi-

al well-being is subordinated, and order is achieved at the expense of liberty. This is possible, but I cannot regard it as desirable.

I wonder whether our neo-Catholics—and our neo-Protestants too—have read so deeply into human nature as they think, and I wonder whether they have learned to the full the lesson either of our expansive era or of what preceded it. Emerson makes a good test case, and Emerson is the only one of the five authors Matthiessen underestimates. Whitman you might expect him to dislike, but no one has put his finger more surely on the real virtues of *Leaves of Grass*. He is fair to Thoreau, magnificent on Melville, perhaps too generous to Hawthorne. Emerson he praises, for he is not so wilfully blind as Eliot, but his heart is not in it. Emerson, indeed, is much of the time that spectral figure, an "influence." This is not because Matthiessen quarrels directly with the transcendentalist philosophy, for, as I have been complaining, he does not; it is because he is repelled by the complacency with which Emerson looked on nature and human nature.

This is, of course, a serious liability, but it can be exaggerated. It is true that Nietzsche, Mary Baker Eddy, and the predatory businessmen carried various aspects of Emersonianism to their extremes; but twenty centuries of history are full of savageries and absurdities that have as much justification in Christian dogma. Matthiessen nearly says at one point that Emerson is strongest when he gets farthest away from his idealism, and he would have done well to follow that lead. One could easily compile a list of quotations from Emerson that would make it sound ridiculous to say that he ignored evil, and though it would be even easier to compile a contradictory list, one set is as deserving of consideration as the other. Though Emerson was at some moments painfully soft, and soft in more ways than Matthiessen describes, there were other moments at which he was hard and clear and very shrewd.

Moreover, there is something to be said for Emerson's optimism. Matthiessen is surely right in emphasizing the importance for the artist of the recognition of both good and evil; and in so far as Emerson regarded man as naturally good, he was wrong. But the century that emphasized man's natural goodness—in revolt against the equally untenable theory of man's natural badness—

was a century of many achievements, some of which seem all the more valuable as the danger of our losing them grows. Democracy, to which Matthiessen is deeply devoted, developed out of a growing confidence in human capacities, and though that confidence may need to be curbed, to destroy it altogether is to destroy democracy too. It may be true that Hawthorne's "recognition of the general bond of sin" was the basis of his sense of human brotherhood, but when Melville talked about the "unshackled, democratic spirit of Christianity in all things" that he found characteristic of Hawthorne, I wonder whether he was thinking of Christ the Logos or of Jesus the rebel. For that matter, I cannot find much about original sin in the gospels.

"Emerson's growth," Matthiessen says, "was fostered not merely by the renascence of idealistic philosophy, but likewise by his eager apprehension of the possibilities of American democracy." Thoreau, he points out, was determined "to do all he could to prevent the dignity of common labor from being degraded by the idle tastes of the rich," and his aesthetic ideals drew much from the craftsmanship of the people. Melville's whole system of values was based on "his fervent belief in democracy," and Whitman pushed beyond enthusiasm for democratic political forms to call for democratic social realities. Even Hawthorne, though Matthiessen may attribute his protest against competitive individualism to "his initial religious conception of man's nature," spoke of his concrete desire to "share in the united effort of mankind."

Am I wrong in thinking that Matthiessen is being pulled two ways? "What is too often neglected by the current demand that a work of art should be a criticism of its age," he writes, "is that it becomes so, not by a mere frontal attack, not by virtue of any abstract statements of right and wrong, nor by bare demonstrations of social and economic abuses, but by the degree to which it can create a sustained vision of man's existence." The truth is here, and some of us have at times forgotten it, but what does Matthiessen have in mind when he speaks of "a sustained vision of man's existence"? Does he feel as Eliot does the confusion and apathy of the masses and therefore desire "the reintroduction of the idea of loyalty to a King, who incarnates the idea of the Nation"? Or does he perceive, with Horatio Greenough, "man in his

full revolutionary and democratic splendor as the base and measure of society"?

I can easily imagine Matthiessen's impatient dismissal of these questions. But, having rejected so much that logically belongs with Greenough's democratic ardor, and having accepted so much that logically belongs with Eliot's royalism, he ought not to be surprised if we find his passion for democracy something of a paradox. He will say, I suppose, that he is interested in a synthesis, that democracy will function only if men's individual and collective hopes are curbed by a sense of man's inevitable limitations. I agree. But it will not do to destroy the hopes in order to check them—and for the moment their destruction seems all too possible. Furthermore, it is precisely his failure to achieve a synthesis that I am objecting to. Conceivably that synthesis can be accomplished on a basis of religious dogma, but only if men are willing to examine and define and defend that dogma with the candor that Matthiessen so surprisingly lacks. And if, as I believe, the dogma cannot be restored, then we must recognize the fact and build accordingly. Most of us will grant that no naturalistic philosophy has given an adequate account of man's nature, but we are not therefore prepared to abandon our critical faculties and accept manifest absurdities. Both the neo-Thomists and the Barthians are worth listening to when they are attacking, but they are not very impressive when they are on the defensive. Truth is not revealed, either in institutions or scriptures or transcendentalist intuitions, but yields itself only to the closest scrutiny, not merely of the scientific kind but of the practical and artistic as well. The five writers of the renaissance were searchers and, in spite of some of their generalizations, discoverers. In so far as Matthiessen has helped to make their discoveries available to us, his book is a fine achievement, but in so far as he has failed to "repossess" their discoveries, in terms of our knowledge and our convictions and our dilemma, he has failed the ultimate test of serious criticism.

Matthiessen's unwillingness to come to direct grips with the philosophical problems he so constantly raises is neither incomprehensible nor inexcusable. On the one hand, he was probably loath to distract his readers with assertions of the kind that have

so often antagonized Eliot's critics. On the other hand, he very possibly feels that he is entitled to his contradictions and that half a truth is better than none. If I disagree, it is because I believe that events are forcing these philosophical problems upon us and demanding decisions. Clarity becomes a major obligation.

Yet I should be sorry if anyone were led by my objections to regard *American Renaissance* as anything less than the wise, perceptive, sensitive book that it is. In a way it is what Matthiessen calls *Mardi*—a source-book for plenitude. Its insights do not all yield themselves to a first—or even, as I can testify, to a second—reading, and I have no doubt that at least a generation of students of American literature will draw upon it and be influenced by it. Into this book, as into neither of its predecessors that I have read, the whole man has gone. The weaknesses are there too, of course, but it is strength, great and needed strength, that one remembers and is grateful for.

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The Printed Writings of Jonathan Edwards, 1703–1758: a Bibliography. By Thomas H. Johnson. (Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. Pp. xiv, 136. $7.50.)

Mr. Johnson's bibliography, which brings to completion the work begun by James Thayer Gerould, formerly Librarian of Princeton University, does much to overcome one of the serious difficulties in the study of Edwards. Because of the inadequacy of the bibliographical information about Edwards hitherto available, it has been very hard to find satisfaction on such questions as the first appearance and sponsorship of his writings, the number and character of reprints and new editions, and the extent of foreign and foreign language publication of his work. For answering questions of these kinds (with the possible exception of the last, for Mr. Johnson has been unable to make a full survey of the holdings of European libraries) the new bibliography will be greatly useful.

The work seems in almost every respect admirably complete and accurate. There are a few oversights, though none of great importance, in the list of works and in the descriptions of them. The list of "Selections" from Edwards's writings might well have contained a reference to the fifty pages drawn from his notebooks for the volume of *Exercises Commemorating the Two-Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Jonathan Edwards* (Andover, 1904); and the bibliographical descriptions occasionally omit such matters as the confusion of the table of contents for volumes VI and VII in some copies of the 1829 Converse edition, the addition of an index in the 1877 reprint of the Howells edition of Edwards's work on the will, and the "Errata" leaf in the 1754 edition of that work. Obviously none of these omissions seriously affects the usefulness of the bibliography. The library finding lists are, however, if one may judge from the absence of more than a score of titles in the Yale Library, somewhat less complete than the bibliography proper.

Mr. Johnson's "Foreword" contains a good deal of useful information, including a summary statement concerning the relative frequency with which the more important works of Edwards have been republished, and a brief account of the various tract societies which have issued Edwards's writings. In this connection Mr. Johnson estimates that the American Tract Society alone "must have distributed approximately a million Edwards items." A study of the kinds of things selected at different times for tract publication might throw considerable light both on the history of Edwards's reputation and on religious developments during the nineteenth century in America. No small part of the usefulness of the bibliography consists, indeed, of the problems, other than those strictly bibliographical, which it suggests. What, for instance, is the significance of the popularity of *The Life of Brainerd,* which the bibliography shows to have been more often selected for republication than either the treatise on the will or the sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," for which Edwards is now better known? A study of the circumstances of the thirty republications of his missionary biography might be illuminating. What, again, is the significance of the particular interest in Edwards's writings indicated by the large number of his works published in Scotland. The bibliographical

information about these publications now made available may provide the basis for a fuller examination of the extent and character of his influence in Scotland than has thus far been made. Still another subject of inquiry to which the bibliography may direct attention is the question of the interests, principles, and practices of the editors of the various collected editions of Edwards's work. One of the results of such a study, I feel sure, would be a demand for a new edition of his writings.

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Elias Boudinot, Cherokee, and His America. By Ralph Henry Gabriel. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1941. Pp. xv, 190. $2.00.)

The subject of Professor Gabriel's biography was a Cherokee Indian, born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and called Galagina—"The Buck" (he later assumed the name of a famous New Jersey philanthropist). Educated first by Moravians in the mountains of his native Georgia, then at a mission school in Cornwall, Connecticut, he endeavored to carry the values of New England civilization to his tribe at a critical period in its history. As editor of the *Cherokee Phoenix*, he became a power among his people, working for their education, and advocating, as the essential condition thereof, removal from the contaminating influence of neighboring whites. One would expect this story of an aborigine, plucked from the wilds of the southern Appalachians and dropped into the Connecticut of Lyman Beecher, to provide an interesting study in what the sociologists call "culture contact." Unfortunately, and the fault is in no wise Mr. Gabriel's, the book fails to fulfil this expectation. The cultural backgrounds, both Cherokee and Yankee, are expertly sketched in, and some of the minor characters emerge vividly as individuals, but the central figure, in whom the two cultures met, never quite materializes.

The book falls into three major divisions, with a brief and tragic coda, and it is only in the third section that Boudinot

himself comes to the center of the stage. Even then, so scanty is the available material about him, he remains a shadowy figure, known only through his public utterances and a few letters. Nevertheless, the importance of his unfinished work among the Cherokees is clearly established. The story of the Cherokee Removal has been told before, but Mr. Gabriel illuminates it by concentrating on the fundamental clash between the conflicting viewpoints represented by Boudinot and by John Ross, principal chief of the tribe—a clash which ended in personal tragedy for Boudinot but in partial victory for his cause.

In the first two sections of the book, Boudinot himself figures only transiently and indirectly. The early chapters, dealing with Cherokee life and mythology, contain some of Mr. Gabriel's best writing, although at times his short sentences, unvaried in structure, tend to grow monotonous. It is the middle section, however, in which the scene shifts to Connecticut, that will be of greatest interest to readers of this journal. Here, except for a few fleeting glimpses, Elias Boudinot hardly appears at all, but here, by way of compensation, is a gallery of revealing sketches of individuals characteristic of the time and place, and here above all is the one three-dimensional portrait in the book—that of Harriet Gold, daughter of the leading citizen of Cornwall, who defied the *mores* of the community and braved its corporate wrath in order to marry the Indian and return with him as a missionary to his people. Lyman Beecher himself rode over to Cornwall to add his voice to the general condemnation of this marriage across the color line, and a public meeting was held at which Harriet Gold was burned in effigy. This dramatic incident, which is given immediacy and vividness by being based upon a remarkably complete set of family letters, throws interesting light on one phase of the social attitudes of early nineteenth-century New England. One wonders only whether it is really useful to refer constantly to the inhabitants of Cornwall, as "Puritans," as if the term had, in this context, a definitive meaning. Applied to seventeenth-century New Englanders, the word denotes something specific, but by 1825 much water had run over the dam, even in Connecticut.

It would be unfair, in view of Professor Gabriel's prefatory declaration that he is not interested primarily in biographical

facts, to call this book "a biography without a hero"; nevertheless, circumstances have conspired to render the backgrounds and the minor characters more interesting and more illuminating than the ostensible hero. One feels, on finishing the book, that one knows much more about Elias Boudinot's America, in its two limited phases, than about Boudinot himself. This is not to censure the author for failing to create a flesh-and-blood character out of insufficient materials, but rather to praise him for providing a lifelike and intrinsically interesting backdrop for a figure who must necessarily remain indistinct.

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Romanticism in America. Edited by George Boas. Papers Contributed to a Symposium Held at the Baltimore Museum of Art, May 13, 14, and 15, 1940. (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1940. Pp. xi, 202. $2.25.)

If this volume had fully lived up to its title, *Romanticism in America,* it could have been the most important piece of historical scholarship in our generation. That it falls far short of that achievement is only in part a reflection upon it; certain drastic shortcomings have marked even the best of our accounts of the romantic period, and we must reconcile ourselves to encountering such defects as long as our historians are unwilling by patient analysis to arrive at an objective understanding of the pattern—or of the several patterns—of romantic ideas. Until then, our histories either of literature or of the other arts, no matter how extensively documented, again and again will turn out to be personalized assertions, telling much about our private aesthetic, but little about the life or the expression of a romantic age. The literatures of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, or of the Eighteenth Century lend themselves in the main to a more systematic survey, and students in recent years have in these fields been laboriously approaching some common body of interpretive principles, particularly as they have submitted their own predilections to the discipline of comprehending the ideas of these cul-

tures impersonally and historically. There seems to be something about the art and expression of a romantic era, in America no less than in Germany, whether it be the infinite variety or the fact of its being still with us, that makes it a happy hunting ground for dogmatists and rhapsodists, and the bewildering complexity of the material has been unhappily increased rather than simplified by the idiosyncrasies of its critics.

This volume forces such reflections upon us because it illustrates anew the difficulties of finding a coherent method for discussing romanticism in America; yet at the same time it is obviously a step in the right direction and holds forth the heartening promise of an eventual success. It is a cooperative venture—as no doubt the ultimate history of romanticism will have to be—containing a series of lectures on such of the arts as were cultivated in early nineteenth-century America. As each specialist presents a chapter on some aspect of his own subject or on some one figure, the vast array of materials with which the student must reckon is at least suggested. Mr. Eric Goldman contributes a chapter on romantic ideas in the historians, particularly Bancroft; Miss Eleanor Spencer's chapter is on the ideals of greatness entertained by early American artists, Mr. Walter Nathan's on Thomas Cole, Mr. Ralph Boas' on the "Romantic Lady" in fiction, Miss Ola Winslow's on the gift books, annuals, and lady's books, Mr. Roger Gilman's on interior decoration, Miss Agnes Addison's on Gothic architecture, Mr. Lubov Keefer's on music; and the editor's own chapter deals with the philosophy of Alcott, Emerson, and Poe's *Eureka*. By far the best is Mr. Nathan's, for it not only gives an excellent account of Cole but makes some attempt to get at the ideas and conceptions behind the paintings, and so endeavors to decipher the forms of a romantic sensibility. Mr. Keefer's chapter on the music is thrown into so allusive and elliptical a style as to be almost incomprehensible to the lay reader. The others are competent and readable, and for what they were intended to be, contributions to a lecture series, quite adequate. When, however, the lectures are brought together into the permanent form of a volume, then the difficulty becomes immediately apparent. Competent as each of the chapters may be, they do not add up to a portrait of romanticism. They are particular and specialized, footnotes on the periph-

ery; they are disparate integers and not parts of the romantic whole.

Professor George Boas is fully aware of this problem, and to provide a semblance of continuity he has written a preface in which he draws up an inventory of some dozen ideas or attitudes that are the principal ingredients in what we speak of as the "romantic movement." It is remarkable that his catalogue is so little borne out by the articles, including his own on philosophy, which gives us no comprehensive view of the pattern of thought in the fashion promised by his introduction, but instead gets lost in the impenetrable thickets of *Eureka*. He brings the book to an end by reiterating the familiar surrender: American romanticism was full of complexity and inconsistency no less than was European, and we have done enough when we indicate that "there was a multiplicity of motives and purposes and an unsuspected interweaving of diverse arguments." Of course, that is enough in the present state of our knowledge; at least it is better than nothing. No book is to be blamed for not finding a pattern where none exists. Yet the many purposes, literary, philosophical, and artistic, that were expressed in the period were not so wholly disparate as to bear no relation to one another; the arguments were interwoven, and even the most cursory student of the age can sense that they did, even in their multiplicity, somehow hang together. The question that the book raises is whether the inner structure of this culture can ever be ascertained by students who devote themselves only to their particular segment of the surface, who are merely historians of literature or of painting, who are merely critics of works of art. Mr. Boas' excellent though abbreviated preface clearly owes much to the analyses of Professor Lovejoy. Mr. Lovejoy has long been teaching us the difficult lesson that while we must carefully discriminate among the many meanings of the word, and while we must constantly school ourselves to realizing that no such *thing* as romanticism exists, nevertheless the "Romantic Movement" was one of the most profound and momentous changes in standards of value in the entire history of thought. In a recent article he has again declared that there emphatically *was* something which must be called the Romantic period even though Romanticism is a myth (*cf. Journal of the History of Ideas*, II, 257–278), and has more explicitly pointed the

way to a method for working out the pattern of ideas, interrelated logically, psychologically, or historically, which makes the term a reality. The student of American literature, and especially the student of New England literature, must learn to deal with Mr. Lovejoy's paradox. An Emerson, a Hawthorne, a Longfellow were no doubt individuals with their own notions of the nature of art, and they were also products of the New England tradition, of puritanism and Yankee shrewdness, but they were also romantics, and they expressed the local matter in the forms of an international consciousness. If their works have life today, they acquire it not so much from the individual experiences of the authors, or even from the native scene, but because the minds and spirits of Americans were just then quickened and reinvigorated by those forces in the age which we now call "romantic."

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The Hero in America: A Chronicle of Hero-Worship. By Dixon Wecter. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. Pp. viii, 530. $3.50.)

The Majority of the People. By Edwin Mims, Jr. (New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. Pp. vi, 314. $2.75.)

American democracy, confronted by a hostile faith of terrifying earnestness and intensity, has been driven in the last few years to take inventory of its own spiritual resources. This process has restored our sense of national mythology to a position of some repute. A generation of security could afford to scorn myths as pap for children or opiates for the masses, but one of crisis discovers them to be irreplaceable sources of unity and power. We can appreciate now Kenneth Burke's warning of the "psychological devastation" that would follow a complete adherence to the debunking school of history "whereby, in destroying the dignity of great legendary or historical characters, we automatically destroy ourselves."

This movement to repossess our past, however necessary, is not

without its dangers. Its main problem is subtle but inescapable: how to realize the values of myth without falling into the totalitarian fallacy of mistaking it for history. If we cannot do without the past, we must at least be sure what it is. If we must use myths, let us be sure that they do not use us. It is one thing to welcome the wiser attitude toward epic and legend lately displayed by our artists and critics. It is another to see Fascists and Communists trying to appropriate the national tradition for their own purposes, or to watch the pernicious campaigns of such organizations as the National Association of Manufacturers to rewrite history in the service of class interests. In short, we must never lose sight of the distinction between myth and history. For all it it worth, it should be constantly reaffirmed that fact is one thing and inspiration another, lest some group try to use the emotions of national unity for purposes which break sharply with the national tradition. Both books under review recognize the necessity of myths and their danger. They may both be valuable contributions to this precarious business of reinstating our myths without succumbing to them, in preventing the movement to rehabilitate the national past from turning into a movement to destroy the national future.

Mr. Dixon Wecter's new book is a rich and fascinating account of heroes and hero-worship in America. He is most interested in the great personalities in public life "from whom we have hewn our symbols of government, our ideas of what is most prizeworthy as 'American,' " the names which "stir our most powerful collective responses," who are "our supreme court of appeal in debate—men who stand somehow for the essence of our faith": Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and, "in a provisional verdict," Wilson and the Roosevelts, with Lee secure in a special cult. But he does not neglect the minor heroes and hero-types: the explorer, the soldier, the patriot martyr, the pioneer, the "gods from the machine" of our own day (Edison, Ford, Lindbergh). The study of hero-worship means also the study of hero-hate. It means further the study of the origins of reputations, their psychological functions, the reasons for endurance and decline, and finally the significance of the heroes, for the American historian and for the American. Mr. Wecter does full justice to

all these aspects of the subject. In the end he concludes that America in the main has chosen its heroes well.

Mr. Wecter is peculiarly well fitted for the task of describing the rise and decline of reputations in America. He writes crisp and witty prose. His disposition of mind is skeptical, but his judgment is unusually balanced; and he avoids alike the temptations of debunking and hagiography. In other words, he knows that hero-worship is important, but does not bow down particularly himself. His well-stocked and cultivated mind gives the study a breadth of allusion which vastly enriches the book. It is difficult to imagine a more successful treatment, at this stage of our knowledge about it, of a complex and difficult subject.

Mr. Edwin Mims, Jr., in *The Majority of the People,* deals with another strain in the American mythology: not the heroes, but the myths themselves, and particularly the myths which are drawn upon to support different conceptions of democracy. He is concerned with the question whether democracy means majority rule or minority rights; "or whether, as so many Americans have implied, it means both majority rule and minority rights." His purpose in this inquiry, he states with considerable emphasis, is not academic. As Mr. Max Lerner observes in the blurb, Mr. Mims's scholarship is "militant," his knowledge is for action, and as the author himself remarks of the book with great pride, "In no sense is it above the battle." Perhaps Mr. Mims protests too much. Oddly enough, it is as a practical manual that *The Majority of the People* is weakest.

For one thing, Mr. Mims evidently overrates the importance of political philosophy for political action. "Until the issue of majority rule as against minority rights is presented frankly and systematically in all of its basic ramifications," he writes, "a disciplined, close-knit proselytizing pressure group will find it easier to weaken majority morale and self-confidence by presenting carefully expurgated versions of what great Americans of the past have thought and said." One wonders if the minority-rights strain has not in the last century so deeply imbedded itself in American political thought that no amount of frank and systematic argumentation will eradicate it. One doubts too whether morale is founded very much on the accuracy of historical allusion. Is it

not more probable that these quotations of authority are justifications of attitudes already determined on other grounds, and not the reasons for the attitudes? History, as Mr. Mims elsewhere recognizes, serves chiefly the purpose of rationalization in political controversy. If Daniel Webster had never existed, it would have been necessary for the American Liberty League to invent him. No amount of historical deflation is going to prevent groups with minority interests from regarding minority rights as the essence of democracy.

A second defect of Mr. Mims's book as a practical handbook is his insistence on logical coherence as an essential for a political philosophy. One of the charms of democracy, as well as one of its great sources of strength, is that it is not codified. It suspends in solution logical contradictions which work out more or less harmoniously in practice. Thus most of the American people—as Mr. Mims points out with some regret—can entertain very happily a conception of democracy which involves *both* majority rule and minority rights. No doubt this is highly unsatisfactory from the point of view of a political scientist, who prefers rounded demonstrations and conclusive logical relationships. Nonetheless it may afford a better system in practice, and the instinct of the people in not settling decisively on one or the other of the conceptions may well be right. Mr. Mims complains of both Jackson and Roosevelt that they had opportunities to come out definitely for majority rule, but always faltered and slipped in some reservation for minority rights; "in spite of their spectacular crusading, the Jacksonian Democrats never arrived at a clearcut decision." In terms of Mr. Mims's alternatives this may have been a mistake. "On the one hand, we have a flexible system designed to afford expression at all times to the principle of majority rule, and on the other a rigid system designed to place as many obstacles as possible on the operation of the principle of majority rule." But is this a fair statement of the alternatives? I wonder whether Mr. Mims would have been as eulogistic of majority rule in the golden days of Coolidge prosperity, when the Republican party, with the nation hugely behind it, was preparing to take a lifetime lease on the government.

Minority rights, in other words, have other uses than just to

defend corporations. The problem is thornier than Mr. Mims's formulation suggests. It is how to preserve minority rights without letting them turn into minority rule, and the ramifications of this problem are bewildering. As yet, American democracy has reached only a pragmatic solution, tentative and groping and not susceptible of logically satisfying expression. Hence this enduring tension between majority rule and minority rights. Jackson and Roosevelt have refrained from arriving at the "clearcut decision," not through negligence or a failure of nerve, but simply because they knew that at some future time their side might need the safeguards of minority rights. After all, few sections of the Constitution show more distrust of majority democracy than the Bill of Rights.

These strategical shortcomings make one feel that *The Majority of the People* will hardly affect "the battle" much, one way or the other. It might indeed have more promise of influence had the author foregone the pleasure of announcing himself as a partisan and set forth his message in the guise of "objective" history. As it is, the book will convert only the converted. On the other hand, if saying so does not cast Mr. Mims down too much, his book has great value from the academic point of view. It presents in a more lucid and cogent form than any other work I know this basic struggle in American political thought. Its analysis is clear and systematic, and the historical excursions are unfailingly acute and often brilliant. The discussion of Hamilton and the *Federalist Papers,* for example, is a masterly passage of intellectual history; so too is the account of the influence of Turner on recent phases of the minority rights tradition. The richness of historical reference is admirable. The book, I think, has much more to interest the scholar in his ivory tower than the warrior in "the battle." It is a substantial and distinguished addition to the literature of constitutional history, if perhaps a minor one to the literature of political action.

Both these books are comments on our return to the past rather than examples of it. They are specimens of the kind of critical analysis which must be continued and encouraged if myths are to be kept in their place. It is to be hoped that they represent the beginnings of a new interest in the importance of traditions.

It is only by the spread of such an interest that we may draw what strength we need from traditions and myths without becoming their victims.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Athenaeum Gallery, 1827–1873: The Boston Athenaeum as an Early Patron of Art. By Mabel Munson Swan, with an Introduction by Charles Knowles Bolton. (Boston: The Boston Athenaeum. 1940. Pp. xiv, 312. $6.00.)

The First Decade of the Boston Museum. By Claire McGlinchee. (Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1940. Pp. 370. $5.00.)

Scholarship in our day could hardly hit upon two more characteristic institutions as indexes to Boston taste than the Athenaeum with its gallery and library and the Museum with its exhibition hall and theatre. These two recent studies have approached their subjects with the zeal and seriousness which they deserve, while they have admirably avoided the enthusiasm which often mars efforts to recover values which once marked the achievements of since-languishing organizations. Such perspective serves the best ends of research, the "placing" of institutions in true relation to their own days and acknowledging their foundation value for later developments.

Mrs. Swan's study of the Athenaeum Gallery covers nearly half a century of effort to preserve the products of Boston talent, and to encourage a taste for the best in Continental and native art. She has spent great pains in tracing identities and charting the fortunes of canvases and sculptures as exhibits were arranged and acquisitions made; and she has worked with a sensitiveness for the quirks of pride and temperament involved in the personal relations among some of the early local artists, and for the finesse of the Athenaeum's art committees in trying and often amusing complications. The book thus becomes not only a record of early steps in the development of an interest in art but at times a kind of scenario of the lives and ambitions of American artists in their struggles with their own temperaments and their clashes with one

another and with the world from which they begged recognition. The book is illustrated by portraits of notable early artists and reproductions of their work in portraiture. Two appendices serve as a valuable catalogue to the art of the Athenaeum Gallery.

Miss McGlinchee's dissertation is a more limited study, which should serve, as she hopes, to suggest others. If we are ever to have a full history of the theatre in America it must represent a synthesis of many such small, close studies. She has gone carefully into the origins of the Boston Museum, tracing Moses Kimball's tentative beginnings with theatrical entertainment as an adjunct to the exhibitions of natural curiosities and the presentation of feats of skill which were the stock-in-trade of several such houses in nineteenth-century America. The Boston Museum stock company grew into the strongest organization which the American theatre developed in its heyday, and preserved its integrity long past the period of the local stock company. Its leading members became citizens of esteem and recognized value in Boston's cultural growth; its standards of production challenged a leading place in the record of the country at large. Miss McGlinchee has often been diffident in her estimates of value, perhaps because of a fear of enthusiasm; she has been discriminating in her choice of contemporary critical comments, which are valuable to the later student as an index to taste and immediate response; but she has not completely succeeded in suppressing the inclination to review biographical details about stage figures who are less important in the total picture of the theatre than the close student often feels they are. A very positive virtue of her study, on the other hand, is its plan of relegating data about authorship and casts of production to their place in an appendix which, so freed, becomes a calendar of productions for the seasons under study. Another virtue lies in her effective choice of typical outstanding productions for synopsis and analysis—a great gain over most earlier studies, which either told all or assumed knowledge of the plot materials of the plays they covered.

For the student of the American theatre the most valuable part of Miss McGlinchee's book is the generous appendix, which lists performances at the Boston Museum by seasons; but this is also the section of her work which most concretely illustrates the

hazards of statistical recording. The assembling of details for such a study is a complex task and liability to error is high. Pointing out errors should, it is hoped, seem not so much a churlish gesture as a constructive caution about the problems involved in theatre research. Inconsistencies in spelling and the omission of articles in titles are often to be accounted for by those same flaws in advertisements and playbills themselves; often, no doubt, to sheer inability to keep a strict eye on repeated entries. But the oversight which lists a Saturday performance without indicating that it was an afternoon bill—and there are more than forty such oversights in this ten-year record (*e.g.*, for October 30, 1847, or for December 21, 1850) puts a false note into the record, as do the ten or twelve cases in which the bills of the week seem to begin on Sunday (as January 31, 1847, and April 27, 1851). Saturday evening had been officially the beginning of the Puritan Sabbath, and theatre performances were prohibited by a law of 1750 which was not annulled for some time after the period under study, while Sunday openings have never been within the practice of Boston theatres. Another type of omission which throws the record off for the student is Miss McGlinchee's habit of omitting matinees—quite properly called afternoon performances in a history of the decade studied—in the early weeks of a season, and the recording of a long run by opening and closing dates, without mention of matinees or variations in the bills. An occasional day not accounted for sends the user of the book to some other source—more often for addition than for confirmation. These flaws, and one in the text which dates a special performance one week out of the way, are more than picayunish blemishes to the only persons who can be expected to have real need for such a study. They suggest the pressure implicit in the fact that the book is a dissertation, written against a deadline which does not permit the final perfection of a more matured study. But it is definitely to be hoped that other houses in other cities may be studied as steps toward a composite history of the stage in America.

LUCILE GAFFORD.

Wilson Junior College, Chicago.

Stagecoach North: Being an Account of the First Generation in the State of Vermont. By W. Storrs Lee. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. xvi, 210. $2.00.)

"A town," says Thoreau, "is an institution which deserves to be remembered." Mr. Lee's book makes apparent why the town of Middlebury, Vermont, so much a part of the Green Mountain scenery and so representative of Vermont traditions, deserves to be remembered. *Stagecoach North* is a short, compact, informative, and thoroughly interesting book. By presenting the five-decade story—from 1791 until 1841—of Middlebury as lived by Great-great-grandfather and Grandmother the story is personalized. The device of seeing Middlebury through the eyes of our forbears at once humanizes and generalizes the account. Here were flesh-and-blood folk and this was the manner of their living. Further, how important it is to see this life as much from the woman's point of view as from the man's. Mr. Lee keeps the record straight and impartial. This is the story of life as shared by men and women. After all, the foundation upon which a town is built is collective enterprise, and in this book we have the record of collective enterprise.

The book is carefully organized, and each chapter illustrates compositely by many specific examples, extracted from old newspapers, town records, books, and correspondence, the homes, neighbors, politics, religion, forms of entertainment, education, medicine, reading, and mode of communication of the first citizens of Middlebury. Stemming from Connecticut and Massachusetts, these newcomers settled at a bend in Otter Creek where the falls provided good waterpower. Although the first attempts at settlement were thwarted by the English during the Revolutionary War, the able and enterprising Gamaliel Painter, the juristic Samuel Miller, and Captain John Chipman, one of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain "toughies," prevailed, and, more than any others, influenced the town during its formative years. The population increased from 395 in 1791 to over 3000 by 1840. In 1800, stimulated by President Timothy Dwight of Yale University, the little town became the seat of a college, and one which has helped greatly in setting the cultural tone of the community. By 1820 the community had two cotton factories—one with 5000

spindles and 100 looms—three flour mills, a furnace, a marble mill, a paper mill, and three sawmills. Self-dependence and public usefulness chiefly characterize the way of life of these early Vermonters.

Mr. Lee takes us inside the home where Great-great-grandmother's authority was exercised. We follow the course of events throughout a day and also through the seasons. We learn how a pig was roasted and of the importance of syllabub in daily life. We find out how the home was furnished, and among many other things, how with the appearance of the air-tight stove, home economics and home architecture were revolutionized.

It is the behavior of the human being that interests us most. The Democratic government was cherished dearly by the pioneers who settled in Vermont after the Revolution. Class distinction did not obtain. Profesional folk and laborers were evaluated by exactly what they were. At one extreme of the democratic society was the versatile Gamaliel Painter, who as farmer, miller, soldier, woodsman, politician, real estate agent, surveyor, churchman, educator, legislator, and judge established the firmest foundation for the town's successful future life; and at the other extreme was Samuel Bartholomew, the town eccentric, who was known as "the Apple Man." The latter showed an "aversion to shoes, sour apples, and prose." "He poured forth the emotions of his soul in faltering rhyme, planted an orchard of sweetings, and went barefoot from spring thaw to first snowfall." How interested Thoreau might have been in "the Apple Man"!

Speaking of the independence of the people in Middlebury in the early part of the nineteenth century, Mr. Lee writes: "Sugar must come from the home acres, bread from their own plowed fields, fuel from their back yards, pottery from the clay bank, wool from their own flocks and looms, iron from their mines and foundries, brandy from their orchards and distilleries, bedsteads from their own walnut groves and cabinetmakers." Surely, a way of life based upon such self-dependence is hardly possible—if preferable—in our times. But Mr. Lee does not leave his tale untold. He shows how the industrial age altered the standard of living. Great-great-grandfather was a Yankee, and he had his eye set everlastingly on the main chance. When it came he took it, and that has made all the difference. When sheep-raising pro-

vided a means for big profits, the farmers in Middlebury stocked their pastures with sheep. The effect upon the town and the people of this "sell-out" was indelible.

> The capitalists built huge wool depots on the Lake and with the first load that Great Great Grandfather's children took there for sorting, processing, and shipment, they became little men in a big industry.... The world heard about Addison County sheep and wanted them.... There were broader grazing lands and better grass west and south.... For a brief time the town had lived as a little cog in a great economic machine and after a while the cog wasn't even big enough to serve the machine.... The golden age of Middlebury petered out. The era of community self-reliance, self-dependence, self-integration, self-significance was dead. It went with our great great grandparents.

For those who think of New England in terms of covered bridges, stump fences, meetinghouse spires, and lilacs, *Stagecoach North* will be reanimating. The feel of the times and the people is in the book. It is a well-focused record of a typical self-supporting community whose economy was based upon the agricultural way of life. Here we glimpse the town meeting as the testing-ground of democracy, the severe orthodoxy of religious indoctrination, the sometimes earthy and robust and sometimes prim entertainment of the people, and the disciplinary education and reading, restricted to the almanac for general information, to the Bible for revelations of truth, and to sentimental fiction for forbidden delight. What one will remember longest will be no doubt the distance between Great-great-grandfather's day and the quality in his way of life as contrasted with our own.

R. L. Cook.

Middlebury College.

Sir William Phips: Treasure Fisherman and Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. By Alice Lounsberry. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. Pp. 323. $3.00.)

The career of William Phips presents the first and one of the most amazing success stories in all American history. Born the "twenty-first son" of a humble yeoman family of Maine in 1651,

he had, by the time of his death in 1694, experienced a series of adventures and advancements seldom vouchsafed any mortal, even in this adventurous age. Beginning as shipbuilder and seaman, he early conceived the idea of salvaging a Spanish treasure ship lying on a reef off the Bahamas. Initial failure was succeeded by the recovery from a wreck near Hispaniola of £207,600, of which Phips's share was £11,000 and a knighthood. Wealth and conversion by Cotton Mather now made the boisterous mariner acceptable to the gentry of Boston, who placed him in command of a fleet to attack Port Royal in 1690. Success in this venture came less as a result of good management than of French surprise and weakness. Sir William's dismal failure in the Quebec expedition of the following year, while not wholly attributable to him, did indeed reveal his incapacity to command a large force effectively. To honors and fame in England, and a rather dubious prestige as a colonial military and naval commander, were now added, through the influence of Increase Mather, the greatest distinction in New England—appointment as first governor of Massachusetts under the new Charter of 1691.

Such a meteoric rise holds perennial interest and naturally warrants retelling. Unfortunately the known facts of Phips's life are so few, especially for the period prior to the discovery of the treasure, that a full-length biography is hardly called for. Miss Lounsberry has met this problem by frankly piecing together the scattered items with passages depicting what "probably" or "must have" taken place. In addition, she employs conversation, based upon fact, to enliven the narrative. The result is a very readable book for one who wants to be entertained rather than instructed.

Yet more data are available. The author does not include several important recent pieces of research on Phips in her bibliography—which, incidentally, is very carelessly compiled. Had she read these, she would probably have been far less favorable in her judgment of her hero during his term as governor of the Bay Colony. Sir William Phips was without question one of the most flamboyant and exciting characters of seventeenth-century America. On the other hand, his honesty on several occasions was questionable, his ego was annoying, his manners were uncouth, his behavior was harsh and overbearing. Certainly his gubernatorial career cannot be called successful. One may also doubt whether

he would have been returned as governor had his trial in London resulted in an acquittal. The truth seems to be that as commander of the Quebec expedition and as Governor of Massachusetts Sir William Phips enjoyed authority which demanded greater executive and administrative talents than he possessed. As Herbert L. Osgood said long ago, "he was really little more than a typical sea captain of the period."

CARL BRIDENBAUGH.

Brown University.

American Fiction, 1920–1940. By Joseph Warren Beach. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. x, 371. $2.50.)

Those who expect Mr. Beach's new book to be on a plane with his *Twentieth Century Novel* or *The Conception of Nature in Nineteenth Century English Poetry* will be disappointed. But they have no right to be, after they read the first page; if they are, it is all their own fault. At the outset Mr. Beach explains that instead of making any sort of scholarly study he is here talking to his friends about modern American fiction. He purposes to explain some of our leading novelists by "a critical analysis of their themes, their social attitudes, and their literary methods" and to see what they reveal as to our times and our attitudes.

At this Mr. Beach does admirably. For one who hasn't read much of, say, Wolfe, Farrell, or Steinbeck, it is hard to imagine a better introduction to the purposes and methods of the novelists. For one who has read Hemingway or Faulkner or Dos Passos but hasn't felt that he quite understood what it was all about, these essays should do an excellent job of pulling together stray threads, clearing up obscurities, making plain the underlying and motivating values. For those who feel that our American novelists have forgotten or forsaken the moral values we are all supposed to be brought up on, he demonstrates that the driving force of these books is a desire to see precisely these values recognized and made workable.

Although at times Mr. Beach is more the proselyter and less

the critic, his estimates amount to much more than essays in appreciation. Considering the novels steadily from the viewpoint of readable, viable fiction, he yet holds ever in the front of his mind the social milieu which they are of and about. To attempt to pluck the novels out of this social foreground and examine them solely according to some absolute standards would be fruitless. Instead, he tries to smooth the rough road for those morally and socially squeamish who flinch at the frustration and bitterness they find here in place of the sweetness and light they generally prefer. That, Mr. Beach has succeeded superbly in doing; that is what he proposed to do; and it would be pointless to complain that he didn't do somthing else.

JOHN LYDENBERG.

Cambridge.

New England Blockaded in 1814: The Journal of Henry Edward Napier, Lieutenant in H. M. S. *Nymphe*. Edited by Walter Muir Whitehill. (Salem: The Peabody Museum. 1939. Pp. xxii, 88. $2.50.)

Henry Edward Napier's journal opens in March, 1814, at Halifax, with the departure of the frigate *Nymphe* for a cruise on and near St. George's Banks. This cruise, of about a month's duration, was marked by bad weather and vain chases of strange vessels. This was followed by a blockading cruise in Massachusetts Bay, from April 24 to August 9, 1814.

The observations of this British Navy lieutenant are of great interest, not only for comments upon the war, New Englanders, and British Navy customs, but also because of occasional passages dealing with vessels he saw. As to the war, Napier apparently looked upon it as a tedious and unpleasant duty, relieved to some extent by the gambling chance of obtaining prize-money through captures of American vessels. His low opinion of New Englanders is likely to sit ill with many readers; in justice to the Yankees it should be remembered that those Napier came in contact with were either poor fishermen or turncoats.

The observations of a trained seaman on vessels met with are bound to be useful. For example, Napier refers to "a beautiful sebacque (chebacco) boat schooner, called the *Rambler.*" In view of the modern opinion that all early American fishing vessels were crude, ill-shaped tubs, this description has value. No seaman would call a rough, poorly modeled vessel beautiful; so it may be safely assumed that the Essex and Ipswich ship builders of 1800–1814 were as skillful as builders elsewhere along the coast. Napier seems to have had a high opinion of American schooners, a state of mind shared with many of his brother officers.

The journal illustrates another point worth mentioning, the apparent impotence of the American Navy to protect the coastwise trade. The useless gunboats and the lack of powerful ships-of-the-line appear to have been the prime cause of this. Of course the fewness of frigates available to the Americans made an organized attempt to break the blockade at any one port wholly out of the question. As the editor took pains to point out, the effect of the British blockade on the Americans was of far greater importance than most historians have admitted.

The division of opinion among Americans in regard to the War of 1812 is well illustrated in Napier's journal. It is very apparent that the sympathy of many New Englanders for England did not win them the regard of British officers, who looked upon them as poor traitors rather than as friends. Perhaps there is something to Decatur's toast, after all.

Napier writes in a lively, interesting style and speaks frankly. As a day-by-day account of an officer's life aboard a blockading vessel, this journal is unsurpassed. Its value for reference work is greatly increased by the Notes and Appendices. Incidentally, the footnotes on vessels mentioned, in the former, are incomplete. The schooner *Alban* was the ex-American revenue cutter *James Madison.* The Appendices give the American version, through newspaper controversy, of a British officer's exploit described in the journal.

The omission of an index is to be complained of; journals of this type are so often used as reference notes that this is a very important feature.

HOWARD I. CHAPELLE.

Cambridge, Maryland.

Let My People Go: The Story of the Underground Railroad and the Growth of the Abolition Movement. By Henrietta Buckmaster. (New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1941. Pp. xiv, 398. $3.50.)

"Of course it was sensational," remarks Miss Buckmaster of the young Henry Ward Beecher's denunciation of slavery by "selling slaves into freedom" from the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in 1848, "but no one can rightly speak against the dramatization of the dramatic." No words can better describe or more amply justify her own dramatic account in *Let My People Go* of the whole climactic series of tragic events, from the first daring flight of a fugitive slave and the first kindly hand of assistance extended by a white friend, to the debacle in 1876 of a dream of democracy—primarily of the "small men of the North" and of the South (p. 134)—too revolutionary, too truly Christian to be realized in the prevailing ruthless, greedy climate of the Gilded Age.

In Miss Buckmaster's book, for the first time due weight is given to the influence, tangible and intangible, of the active fight for their freedom by the Negroes themselves, and of the "plain moral virtues of plain people" which crowned that fight with a measure of success, upon the events of this tragic period in the nation's history. In the light of the facts which emerge for the first time from this study of the Underground Railroad and of the heroic human qualities of which it was the expression (without one whisper of special pleading *per se* for anybody or anything), many ponderous historical sophistries, born of prejudice, ignorance, and fear, fade quite away.

The overwhelming power of economic forces is freely acknowledged; the world-wide character of the struggle for freedom, economic, political, and social, is made adequately clear; but there is not the slightest suggestion of mechanistic determinism in any phase of human affairs; not once is the modern shibboleth of "progress," even, invoked. Replete as is the book in every detail with the wisdom of the age, it rests with an easy serenity on the wisdom of the ages. Although it recounts one of the great tragedies of human history, never once does the underlying conviction falter that the "plain moral virtues of plain people," whatever

the forces ranged against them, will triumph, and that they daily triumph through the heroism of the struggles of individual men and women.

Heroism is the keynote of the book. And whatever the debunkers and muckrakers may have said about heroes, it is becoming increasingly clear that failure or success in the present hour of trial in America and the world is to be determined by the ability of Americans to believe in, and to be, heroes. No current book, therefore, is more timely, more tinged, paradoxically enough, with the aura of hope and faith and security for the future, than this grim tragedy of the very ideal for which Americans are now fighting—this story of the tragic heroes of the Underground Railroad and the Abolition Movement who failed, at last, to make democracy work. Implicitly redolent of almost forgotten humanistic, truly Christian basic assumptions regarding human nature, *Let My People Go* braces the reader with the tonic katharsis of true tragedy: it purges and purifies the emotions of pity and fear.

EMILIO A. LANIER.

Fisk University.

The Kingdom of God and the American Dream: The Religious and Secular Ideals of American History. By Sherwood Eddy. (New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1941. Pp. xii, 319. $2.90.)

A popular form of recent historical writing explains a period of history in terms of one or more basic, underlying forces. In the field of American history and literature the works of V. L. Parrington, of Granville Hicks, and more recently of Ralph Gabriel are obvious examples. The present volume is another. It seeks to interpret American history in terms of three fundamental concepts: the first is that of the various social ideals connected with religion, which Mr. Eddy groups together under the phrase "Kingdom of God"; the second is the secular ideal of an "American Dream" of liberty and justice for all; the last is the "negative" force of selfish materialistic individualism.

Since the chief value of this type of work lies in the new light

which it sheds upon familiar facts, the merit of the present volume is doubtless enhanced in many ways by the fact that the author is admittedly not a historian. His real concern is with religion in the present and future rather than the past. He has sensed the urgent necessity that the Christian churches of today should support some intelligent program of social reform, and he has turned to the past for assistance in the formulation of such a program. The result is a lively volume which should make stimulating reading for anyone who seeks to understand modern social problems in religious terms.

But that the book will provide any new viewpoints to serious students of history is doubtful. For if the amateur standing of the writer has increased the freshness of his approach at an elementary level, it has also limited the extent of his reading in the original sources and has therefore prevented him from reaching any truly fresh understanding of his subject. As the reader turns the pages, he recognizes the contributions of a score of historians such as Charles Beard, Louis Hacker, V. L. Parrington, Herbert Agar, Lewis Mumford, and Van Wyck Brooks. Mr. Eddy depends on secondary works not only for illustrative detail but also for the formulation of the basic concepts which he seeks to demonstrate. The idea of the Kingdom of God as here defined seems to have been suggested by Ernest Sutherland Bates's *American Faith*, that of the American Dream by Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, and that of materialistic individualism by Max Weber's *Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*. The only real originality in the author's treatment lies in the way in which he has arranged the fruits of these historians' researches. It must be admitted that the arrangement is thoughtful and intelligent, but unfortunately originality of this type is usually accompanied by over-simplification of historical problems. It is impossible in summarizing the conclusions of other writers to include all the qualifications which those writers attached to them. Max Weber, for example, would have gasped at the glibness with which Hitler is here deduced from Luther and capitalism from Calvin (22–23).

It should be emphasized, then, that in spite of its historical subject-matter, the present volume is aimed more at the future of

America than at her past. The author's concern for that future is profound and commendable, but to anyone acquainted with American historiography of the last thirty years, his book will prove of secondary interest and doubtful merit.

EDMUND S. MORGAN.

Harvard University.

Political Ideas of the American Revolution: (Britannic-American Contributions to the Problem of Imperial Organization, 1765 to 1775). By Randolph G. Adams. (New York: Facsimile Library, Inc. 1939. Pp. 207. $3.50.)

The American Revolution Considered as a Social Movement. By J. Franklin Jameson. (Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. Pp. viii, 100. $1.75.)

Two older books which have proved their value to the student of the American Revolution are now reissued after having been out of print for a number of years. R. G. Adams's *Political Ideas of the American Revolution,* originally published in 1922, provides a useful survey of the problem of British imperial organization as it was canvassed during the crucial decade from 1765 to 1775 by the leading British and American publicists, in the attempt to adjust the existing political machinery to changing conditions. It discusses in turn the three alternative theories of colonial dependency, imperial federation, and the commonwealth of nations. A special chapter is devoted to "John Adams as a Britannic Statesman." A chapter on the theory of the limitation of Parliament by fundamental law is followed by one on James Wilson's conception of what that law was, and the book closes with a discussion of the important question of sovereignty which figures in the background of all this pre-Revolutionary theorizing about the nature of the British Empire.

The reissue of *The American Revolution Considered as a Social Movement* makes available in an attractive new format one of the minor classics of recent American historical writing. Jameson's four lectures, delivered at Princeton in 1925, deal

briefly and cogently with important aspects of the Revolution which previous writers, concerned with political and military history, had overlooked: the effects of the Revolution on the American class structure, the democratization of the land system and its consequences for political democracy, the stimulus to manufacturing and commerce afforded by war conditions, and the repercussions of the Revolution in popular thought and feeling. These lectures, although soundly implemented by specific evidence, were designed only to outline a new approach to the Revolutionary era. Subsequent studies have amplified and substantiated some of Jameson's suggestions, but there is room for further research on many of the problems which he brought to light. Meanwhile, this little book remains the best introduction to the social aspects of the American Revolution.

FREDERICK B. TOLLES.

Swarthmore College.

Political and Social Growth of the American People, 1865–1940. Third edition. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. xxiv, 738. $3.25.)

A new edition of his *Political and Social Growth of the American People* demonstrates more clearly than ever how much Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger has done to bring new and illuminating viewpoints into the new American history, and suggests the broad scope of his contribution as teacher and editor as well. Changes in attitudes and methods and increased competence in the writing of history are surely a part of the historical record itself. If this is so, Professor Schlesinger's volume is not only a history but an example of the advance in American culture through the post-Civil War years to the present. His work is not chauvinistic or esoteric or narrowly political or constitutional, but reasoned, catholic, and widely readable; thus it stands, as before, a needed corrective and a sound guide.

This third edition, revised throughout, differs from the second[1]

[1] *Political and Social Growth of the United States, 1852–1933.* Revised edition. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1933.)

in several respects. It has gained direction and unity by leaving out the decade before the Civil War and the war period. It has revised certain judgments in the light of later evidence. Specific illustration and comment have been added to the accounts, for example, of the growth of sports and the cinema, the change in copyright legislation, the rise of fraternal organizations, the increase in phonograph and record sales, and the development of drama and the popular novel. There are pages, it is true, in which the writing is only adequate, and the possibilities of using literary evidence like Mark Twain's bitter satires, the striking development of William Dean Howells's social conscience in the late eighties, and Henry Adams's satisfaction with the war in Cuba have not been fully explored. But such failures of omission are indeed minor when considered with the fifty closely weighed, closely written pages on the New Deal. This added section links the present administration to the progressive movement before the first World War, and brilliantly illustrates the assertion that in the thirties President Roosevelt "employed Hamiltonian means to achieve Jeffersonian ends" (557). Moreover, it records and interprets concretely and with great clarity a complex decade. The New Deal's cards were dealt "so fast and in so many directions" (521) that only a many-angled approach such as Professor Schlesinger's could do justice to its notions of federal control and states' rights, its values in literature and art, the role which women played in it, its conservative-radical alignments, its economic ups and downs, and its political battles.

WILLIAM M. GIBSON.

Williams College.

The Shaker Adventure. By Marguerite Fellows Melcher. (Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. Pp. ix, 319. $3.00.)

In *The Shaker Adventure* Mrs. Melcher has had the opportunity to trace the virtual life-cycle of perhaps the best-organized and most effective experiment in communal life ever undertaken in the United States. She has developed skilfully the combination of ecstatic religious enthusiasm with practical clearness of vision which was the basis of the Shakers' success. Characteristic of this

combination was the way in which they bottled up, as it were, the excess of emotional excitement exhibited in the jerks, leapings, and outcries of the early revival meetings, in the orderly periodical dances and singing of their sect. When this reservoir of spirits played out, leaving only the sobriety and industry of the group, the movement slowly expired.

Nine of the nineteen societies formed in the country between 1787 and 1826 were in New England, including three of the four which were still surviving in 1940—at Canterbury, New Hampshire, New Gloucester, Maine, and Hancock, Massachusetts. Readers of the *Quarterly* will recall Mr. Arthur T. West's pleasant recollections of the life at the Harvard, Massachusetts, community during his boyhood.

Mrs. Melcher's treatment of her subject shows a good combination of interpretive sympathy and objectiveness. Besides her acquaintance with Shaker traditions at Enfield, New Hampshire, with which community some of her early relatives had been associated, she has made good use of the Shaker writings. These scriptures, as they might well be called, parallel in many respects the New Testament in the account of their Messianic founder, Ann Lee, and the ministry of the early leaders and in the exposition and interpretation of the essentials of their faith—confession of sins, community of goods, celibacy, and withdrawal from "the world." The mystical experiences of members of the sect she records without rationalizing, such as Christ's three-months sojourn at the North Union settlement and the circumstance that after the death of Lafayette, who like many other notables had been an interested visitor at one of the centers, the Shakers "received word by spirit messenger many days before the news was brought by packet to America" (184).

The relation implied between the Shakers and the Spiritualist movements of the nineteenth century is an aspect which the author might well have treated more fully. Another is the increasing concern for the care of aged members of the sect during the last half-century in the communities, when youthful recruits ceased to augment their failing ranks. The relation of the movement to the various Transcendentalist and Fourieristic experiments of the century is not neglected. The activities which the Shakers busily cultivated in their secluded life—their building,

stock raising, furniture making, and other distinctive crafts—are well set forth. A few illustrations of typical figures, buildings, and furniture would have added to the interest of a very attractive volume. Mrs. Melcher's style is excellent, and interest in her narrative never flags, unless when material included in early chapters reappears in later summations, presented from a different angle. The author succeeds in making the reader share the spirit of adventure in which the work, and the Shaker movement, were conceived.

MILTON ELLIS.

University of Maine.

Tamerlane and Other Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Edition of 1827 with an Introduction by Thomas Ollive Mabbott. Facsimile Text Society, No. 51. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. Pp. lxvi, 40. $1.80.)

Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle. By Washington Irving. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Edition of 1824 with an Introduction by Stanley T. Williams. Facsimile Text Society, No. 52. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. Pp. xxx, 67. $1.60.)

Nature (1836). By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited with an Introduction, Index-Concordance, and Bibliographical Appendices by Kenneth Walter Cameron. (New York: Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints. 1940. Pp. xxvi, 95. $3.50.)

Edgar Allan Poe Letters and Documents in the Enoch Pratt Free Library. Edited by Arthur H. Quinn and Richard H. Hart. (New York: Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints. 1941. Pp. x, 84. Edition limited to 500 copies. $3.00.)

The first of these volumes reproduces, for the sixth time and with accurate care, the once "lost" *Tamerlane* of 1827, which Poe referred to as "suppressed through circumstances of a private nature." Actually, according to the present editor, as many as two hundred copies of that precocious work may have been printed, of which eleven are now known to exist. Mr. Mabbott's

introduction goes far beyond previous biographers in accounting for Poe's movements and relationships in 1827, although a certain amount of reasonable conjecture must yet fill the lacunae of factual evidence. Notes on the poems consist largely of minutiae of all possible "influences" on Poe; it is annoying, though not vitally distracting, that the page references for these notes do not correspond to the pages of the text.

Another youthful effort was Irving's "Jonathan Oldstyle" letters, printed in a New York newspaper in 1802 and 1803. They are now reproduced from the pirated edition of 1824, to which Irving objected not because it was pirated, but because it omitted the first letter of the series. That letter is here included in the prefatory section, in which Mr. Williams competently summarizes Oldstyle's brief existence. It is good to have these papers, nine in all, readily available; while much of the satire on dress, marriage, dueling, and the drama is stiltedly imitative, the fanciful collaboration of young Irving and old Jonathan foreshadows the more substantial techniques of Diedrich Knickerbocker and Geoffrey Crayon.

Mr. Cameron's edition of *Nature (1836)* is evidently a labor of love, containing exhaustive lists of variations between the first and subsequent editions, a census of extant copies of the first and second issues, and a list of present-day owners of those copies, among other instructive charts. We find that in the autumn of 1836, at least forty-six persons had immortality conferred on them with presentation copies; this facsimile is derived from the volume sent to "Miss Margaret Fuller, with the respects of R. W. Emerson." The editor has appended, along with illustrations of bindings, an index-concordance which, if not quite necessary, is elaborately thorough.

The volume of *Letters and Documents* offers valuable material for the Poe scholar. It presents the forty-one most significant of the three hundred items in the Amelia F. Poe collection, now to be found in the Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore. The work contains the manuscript of the verse-valentine written for Frances Sargent Osgood in 1846, nine Poe letters, including the last one he is known to have written, four highly important letters concerning his death, a sequence of letters to Mrs. Clemm from Sarah Helen Whitman and "Annie" Richmond, and scattered notes

concerning Poe written by Willis, Longfellow, Holmes, and the English biographer, John H. Ingram. "The material chosen for inclusion concerns Poe's personal relationships. The link that connects all but two or three of the items is the personality of Mrs. Maria Clemm." A few of these items have been published before by Harrison and by Woodberry, but neither accurately nor in full. The facsimiles are skillfully done, and the work is excellently edited.

CHARLES T. MILLER.

University of Chicago.

SHORT NOTICES

General Washington's Correspondence concerning The Society of the Cincinnati. Edited by Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar Erskine Hume. (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1941. Pp. xliv, 472. $4.50.)

As the editor of this collection observes in his brief introduction, the Ford, Sparks, and Fitzpatrick editions of Washington's correspondence contain only letters written by Washington. This rather specialized edition is made up of letters received by the General as well as those he wrote, and in addition has some correspondence of other persons on the subject of the Cincinnati (*e.g.*, Jefferson to Madison, 28 December, 1794, wherein Jefferson speaks of the Society as "lowering over our Constitution eternally"). There are a sketch of the history of the Society in some forty pages, and fifty-odd pages of biographical notes of the men who wrote the letters. The main body of texts covers the years 1783–1798. The biographical notes are succinct to the point of being Who's Who-sian.

This book is obviously and admirably a labor of love of a sort historians can be grateful for—but will rarely emulate. The Cincinnati should be pleased with it.

M. S.

Eastern Workingmen and National Land Policy, 1829–1862. By Helene Sara Zahler. *Columbia University Studies in the History of American Agriculture,* Number 7. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. Pp. xii, 246. $2.25.)

Dr. Zahler set out to show "something of what interest the Eastern workingman had in the public lands, what interest he was thought to have in them, and something of the relation between that supposed interest and the reorientation of national land policy." The second objective is achieved in impressive fashion. Since, however, the workingman's thoughts are hard to find in historical records, only a literal "something" is established on

Point One. A discussion of actual migration West might have helped, but the subject is dismissed in one footnote. No figures are given on either urban population or available Western acreage.

In interpreting ideas and interests—the third consideration—the writer has not always used the product of her admirable research to the best advantage. One learns that the influence of National Reform mounted through definite stages until in 1862 a poor relation named Homestead donned the mantle of law. One learns also that Northeastern conservatives favored land reform at some times and opposed it at others. But one never learns, unfortunately, precisely why these changes took place. Nor is it certain that they constituted a "reorientation."

The reasons, perhaps, are the inadequacy of the references to trade union history and phenomena like Fourierism, and the absence of systematic and clear-cut relating of National Reform to the evolution of American life.

S. L. J.

The Rise of Railroads in the Connecticut River Valley. By Thelma M. Kistler. Smith College Studies in History, XXIII, Numbers 1–4 [October, 1937–July, 1938]. (Northampton: Smith College. 1938. Pp. 289. $2.00.)

This study of the development of the Connecticut River railroads and especially the forces behind that development is an unusually well documented, careful piece of work. The introduction deals with the growth of the railroad system and the relation between railroad promotion and the business cycle. In covering the former subject, there is considerable dependence on secondary sources. In dealing with the latter, as well as in the remaining body of the work, the author shows evidence of a very great deal of scholarly research. Chapters treat the role of distributing centers, competition for routes, indirect benefits, initiators and risk-bearers, intercity and intersectional rivalries, and problems of finance and operation.

There is much of value for the reader interested in the general

field of American economic history, even though the locale of the study is so very limited, while for those interested in early railroad history or the general history of New England, this work is full of valuable and interesting material.

Stress is laid on the lack of any general planning of a railroad system within New England, where the lines built reflected primarily the limited interests of the special distributing centers and small communities. The author's chapters on benefits and initiators and risk-bearers are especially good. This study is not easy reading, but it is a very useful addition to the relatively scanty material available on the general history of the railroads in New England.

G. P. B.

The Morning of America. By Frank J. Klingberg. (New York and London: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1941. Illustrated. Pp. xix, 479. $3.00.)

Professor Klingberg's book is advertised as "patriotic," a defense of "the American system," a work unlike modern social-economic claptrap and faithful to the "folk instinct." Despite these stigmata of commercialism it has some good points. The breezy, colorful style and apt use of source material will appeal to the young reader, for whom the volume was presumably written. He will enjoy the adventure stories, the apocrypha about our "great," and the detailed descriptions of battles.

But he will probably be puzzled by the army of names, events, and things that passes in review without adequate identification. More serious, our youngster, after reading this book, will be blissfully unconscious of the Enlightenment and the importance of the Congregational Church. The role of the West in the Revolution, the Proclamation Line of 1763, and the Quebec Act will be news to him. The "revolution within a revolution" will be vaguely sensed, hardly understood. That the Supreme Court under Marshall became "powerful" will be noted; but neither the principles established nor the reasons therefor will have been grasped. The fond delusion that America in 1830 was a "one-class

society" may or may not be accepted. And in general, he will not have learned very much about the lives of the farmers, artisans, and Negro slaves, who were—oddly enough—the majority of the population.

S. L. J.

The Philosophy of Peirce: Selected Writings. Edited by Justus Buchler. (New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 1940. Pp. xvi, 386. $3.50.)

This is the only volume of selections from the writings of Charles Sanders Peirce now available. The earlier *Chance, Love and Logic* (1923) was soon allowed to go out of print. The six volumes of *Collected Papers* published in 1931–1936 by the Harvard University Press are expensive, heavy, and miscellaneous. Therefore modern readers owe much to the efforts of Justus Buchler.

But if this new volume includes more than its predecessor, it also loses much. This is a technically philosophical volume, as the title suggests, and is published as part of the "International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method." These selections emphasize academic ideas in such a way as often to repel the average reader. The old flavor of *Chance, Love and Logic* has been sacrificed to a new precision. One of Peirce's very best papers, "Man's Glassy Essence," has been omitted entirely. Even the introduction is addressed primarily to the special student.

On the other hand, Peirce's thought now appears with greater clarity, continuity, and organization. Professor Buchler has selected much material heretofore hidden in the voluminous *Collected Papers*. He has reprinted some of Peirce's periodical reviews nowhere else available in book form. He has done so good a job that one wishes it were better. So great a writer as Peirce should be made attractive to men of letters, as well as to technical philosophers.

F. I. C.

Amos Eaton: Scientist and Educator, 1776–1842. By Ethel M. McAllister. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1941. Pp. xiii, 587. $5.00.)

Those primarily concerned with New England will examine this biography of Amos Eaton for the indirect light it sheds on the state of scientific knowledge here, in the early nineteenth century. Eaton lived and worked in New York, first as a lawyer and land agent and later as senior professor at the Rensselaer School at Troy, which he founded. But he had occasional contacts with such New England scientists as Benjamin Silliman, and he lectured up and down western Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont. Although he was proud of his original work in geology, his biographer has made no effort to view it in the perspective of the history of geologic thought. In botany, mineralogy, zoology, and chemistry, he was, as he described it, a "popular howler." By lecturing, by writing textbooks, and by training lecturers in his school, he sought to spread a knowledge of the natural sciences. The pathetic eagerness with which his itinerant lecturing was received reveals much about intellectual opportunities in New England in the days before the rise of the lyceum.

C. W.

The Writings of Margaret Fuller. Selected and edited by Mason Wade. (New York: The Viking Press. 1941. Pp. xi, 608. $5.00.)

Margaret Fuller, the myopic blue-stocking, the egotist who condescended to accept the universe, came in for so much ridicule from men like Oliver Wendell Holmes and Nathaniel Hawthorne, who preferred women of a less intellectual and aggressive type, that Margaret Fuller the critic and the writer has been almost lost from view. There have been some, among them the present reviewer, who have insisted that though she was a minor, she was an important figure among those who made up what Professor Matthiessen has called the "American Renaissance," and that furthermore, despite her often repelling peculiarities, she was a great personality. So far, the task of proving this contention has faced the difficulty that her writings were almost inac-

cessible. Mr. Wade has now facilitated the demonstration by bringing together in one volume her best work; he has reprinted her *Summer on the Lakes* and *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, some thirteen critical essays, her letters on the Roman Revolution, and most important, twenty-five hitherto unpublished letters. If to these be added the rich passages of the *Memoirs*, we now have readily available the material for rightly estimating her place in American literary and intellectual history. That it was not inconsiderable is apparent on every page, and the modern reader is more willing than were most of her contemporaries to conclude that she did not exaggerate unduly when she remarked that she had known all the best minds in America and found none superior to her own.

P. M.

A New England Sampler. By Eleanor Early. (Boston: Waverly House. 1940. Pp. xii, 372. $2.50.)

Miss Early is a newspaper reporter who has written a number of books, among them a chatty guide entitled *And This is Boston*, which was not overloaded with accurate information. In the present volume she writes of episodes, customs, and individuals in New England from the days of the Puritans to Calvin Coolidge. Her style is journalistic and vivacious; she has a keen nose for the humorous and the salacious; and she never allows trifles like good taste or historical accuracy to curb her instinct for a lively tale.

The result is a series of pictures in which the life of colonial New England is held up before a distorting mirror. The individual episodes may be verifiable, but they are told without any consideration of the setting or circumstances, and are so used as to present as false and libelous a portrayal of Puritan life as can well be imagined.

When she comes to modern times, she tells the stories of Lydia Pinkham, Lizzie Borden, Mrs. Jack Gardner, John L. Sullivan, the Four Hundred at Newport, and Calvin Coolidge, some of whom she had interviewed. Calvin Coolidge is summed up in a

series of anecdotes, and on the whole fares better than most of her victims. While she does show some appreciation for old towns like Portsmouth, with its fine colonial houses, there is nothing in her book which is worth the attention of any person seriously interested in New England, for it seldom rises above the level of gossip.

H. W. F.

The Complete Poetical Works of Longfellow. Craigie Edition. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1940. Pp. x, 655. $1.50.)

This attractively bound new edition of Longfellow's poems presents at a reduced price substantially the text of the familiar Cambridge edition, omitting, however, the latter's notes and appendix of juvenilia and unacknowledged translations.

C. I. W.

Milton and His Modern Critics. By Logan Pearsall Smith. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1941. Pp. 87. $1.50.)

Mr. Smith's short study, as indeed its title indicates, falls naturally into two parts: first, an appreciation of Milton's poetry; and second, a consideration of the rather rough handling it has received from some critics during the last twenty years. As far as the first part of his task is concerned, Mr. Smith does not add anything of importance to the thousands of words that have been already written about Milton, seeing his peculiar excellence to rest in his great subject-matter and superlative verbal beauty, fused into a single whole by an alchemy "whose explanation has escaped, and will probably forever escape, all critical analysts." It is in its rather cautious polemic against the modern critics that the essay is most interesting, though even here Mr. Smith does not have much to say. T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound are seen

as the instigators of a plot to dislodge Milton from his high place, and the concurrence in the scheme of such critics as Read, Dobrée, and Leavis is traced. Mr. Smith makes no attempt seriously to consider or answer their criticism of Milton, preferring to retell literary gossip in his meditative, graceful, and feline style, with the result that to this reviewer at least his book has exactly the value of gossip as differentiated from that of criticism.

C. I. W.

American Mirror: Social, Ethical, and Religious Aspects of American Literature, 1930–1940. By Halford E. Luccock. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. Pp. x, 300. $2.50.)

Professor Luccock's consideration of the social, ethical, and religious aspects of American literature during the last ten years attempts to determine how the American writer reacted to the depression. As might have been expected, no one formula can be arrived at to express the work done during the period, but on the whole it is the record of a close and critical scrutiny of America itself and of American values that the author presents. His avowed purpose is to survey rather than to evaluate, and although to the reader familiar with the literature of the decade, *American Mirror* will at times seem a rather dry catalogue, Professor Luccock has produced a work of reference that should be of real value.

C. I. W.

The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763–1783. By Moses Coit Tyler. With an Introduction by Randolph Greenfield Adams. (New York: Facsimile Library, Inc. Barnes & Noble. 1941. Two volumes. Pp. xxxvii, 521; xix, 527. $12.50.)

The Facsimile Library could have rendered American scholarship no greater service than the reissuing of Tyler's *Revolution*. It has long been difficult to find copies, and yet there is no more valuable book for every student's library, if only because Professor

Tyler had the gift of such generous and apt quotation that his work is a source book as well as a history, and makes accessible much material that otherwise can be read only in special collections. As for the history itself, there is only this to be said: the volumes were published in 1897; since that time much work has been done upon the American Revolution, and many aspects have been highlighted which were dark or obscure to Tyler; many figures call for reinterpretation, and the social backgrounds of the literature in particular need to be more directly considered than Tyler attempted; nevertheless, almost a half-century after they were published, these volumes are still the best, the wisest, and the wittiest account we have.

P. M.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DANIEL JOSEPH BOORSTIN is an instructor in History and Literature at Harvard.

CYRIL CLEMENS, nephew of Samuel L. Clemens, is author of many articles dealing with Mark Twain and his contemporaries.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER is a William Bayard Cutting Traveling Fellow at Columbia where he is preparing a doctoral dissertation on social Darwinism in American thought.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON, a Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia, is now a free-lance teacher and writer.

MRS. VIRGINIA CHASE PERKINS, an Avery Hopwood Prize winner in fiction at the University of Michigan, is a free-lance writer and former reviewer for the Boston *Transcript*.

ALBERT L. RABINOVITZ is an instructor in French at Harvard.

MARGARET SNYDER is writing a novel on the Minnesota frontier.

JAMES STONE is a graduate student in History, the Arts, and Letters at Yale.

R. L. STRAKER, editor of college texts for Longmans, Green and Company, is writing a biography of Horace Mann.

CORRECTIONS FOR JUNE, 1941

Page 393, line 28, for *Where*, read *What*.
Page 394, line 20, for *Part II*, read *Part III*.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933

Of the *New England Quarterly* published quarterly at Orono, Maine, for October 1, 1939
State of Maine } ss.
County of Penobscot }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Milton Ellis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the *New England Quarterly* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of—	*Post office address—*
Publisher, The University Press	Orono, Maine
Editor, Samuel Eliot Morison	417 Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Managing Editor, Milton Ellis	200 Stevens Hall, Orono, Maine

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: the *New England Quarterly* is promoted by the Board of Editors, and supported by Donors, whose names appear on every issue.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date above is: Not required. Milton Ellis, *Managing Editor.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this tenth day of September, 1941.
Irving Pierce, *Notary Public* (My commission expires December 31, 1943.)